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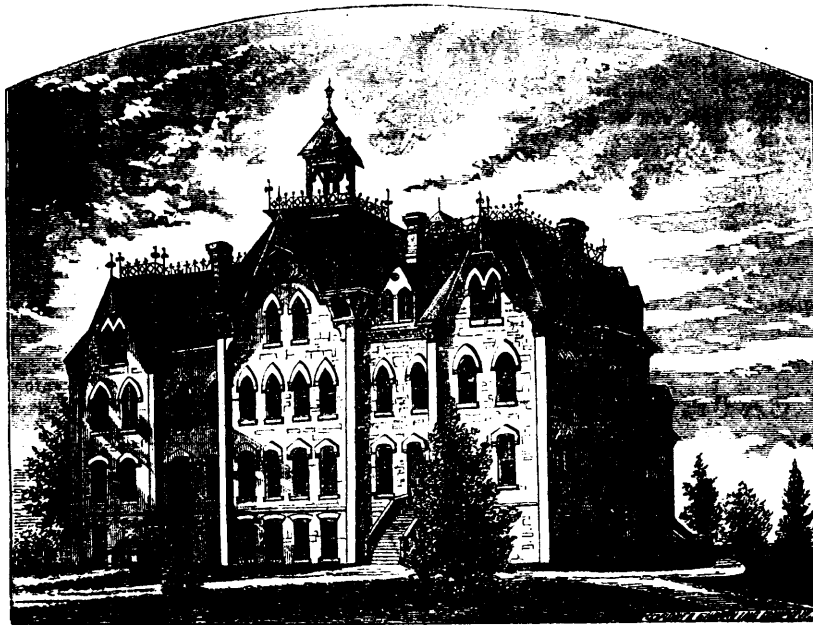
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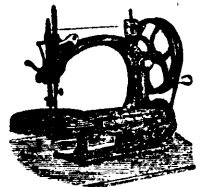
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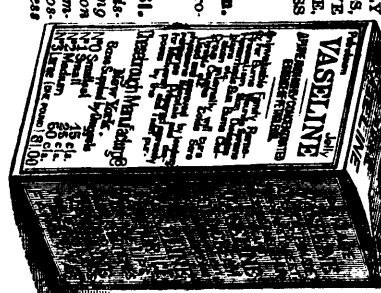
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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A GENTLEMAN in New York has made liberal gifts to the Church—\$50,000 each to the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, the American Bible Society, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and the Society for the Relief of the Crippled. In addition to these, among other contributions, he gives to a minister of Boston \$10,000. It is not often a minister is made the object of generosity on so large a scale, though the rare case is pleasant to see. If a pastor is known to have grace to make use of such a contribution, why should he not be endowed by the man who wishes his money to be expended in benevolence?

THERE is a new danger to civil and religious liberty in Spain. The new penal code among the "Crimes of Infraction of the Constitutional Law in Reference to Public Worship and Religion," has this article: "He who practises ceremonies or public manifestations of worship which are not those of the Catholic Apostolic Romish religion shall be punished with imprisonment." There is little question that this is aimed at the Protestant Christians who are trying to give the pure Gospel to that priest ridden country, or that the Jesuits, who have been expelled from France, are busily plotting to regain their power in Spain.

THE Pope does not view the existing state of things with satisfaction. In Italy and in France nothing is going well either with him or for him. Only the other week he denounced in no measured terms the Italians for their treatment of himself, and their undisguised satisfaction with his temporal disabilities. He again opens the vials of his wrath, but this time it is the French Government upon whom they are discharged. In a letter to the Archbishop of Paris he expresses himself as if irritated beyond all possibility of consolation at the extreme measures meted to the religious orders, and the injury thereby done to the Church. He calls upon the Archbishop to, "in view of yet severer struggles, prepare to defend with a courage, ready to face actual danger, the institutions of the Church." At one time Leo XIII. was all for friendliness with the civil powers. Now, however, it is war to the knife, so far at least as France and Italy are concerned.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London "Record," writing from Jerusalem under date of October 13th, says with respect to the new activities of the Roman Catholic Church in that city and vicinity: "At Jaffa a splendid new hospital is in course of erection; at Ramleh a branch nunnery has been established; at Bethlehem a new nunnery and schools for boys and girls are in active operation. Even the Franciscans are extending the sphere of their labours and influence, as indicated by the new establishment at Emmaus (so called), and the immense Casa Nuova, or new hospice for travellers at Jerusalem, which forms a by no means unimportant medium of communication between the monks and European Protestants, many of whom are drawn by the gentle kindness and affability of the brethren into a certain sympathy with them and their system. On the Mount of Olives a grand 'sanctuaire' and an extensive nunnery have been erected and endowed by the Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne, who, with great devotion, spent several years on the spot in order personally to superintend the work."

DR. RYLE, Bishop of Liverpool, is not favourable to bazaars, or rather to their accessories. He opened one the other day, however, but he appeared to think it required an apology, for he said it was the first he had attended in his life. He objected to raffles, because they lead to gambling; to antimacassars, because "they are always sticking to the buttons of a man's coat;" and to pin-cushions, because a person cannot be expected to fill his house with impedimenta

of such a description. His lordship also strongly advised that for the future the promoters of these enterprises should refrain from the exhibition of such sensational objects as a pet lamb and "sacks of the same flour as that supplied to the bishop." In lieu of these attractions, he suggested the provision of good shirts, good coats, and good pairs of shoes, and ended by expressing a fervent hope that in time "young ladies attending to bazaars would go out of fashion altogether." In regard to the last suggestion, we fear that when young ladies cease attending at bazaars they will go out of fashion without an effort. A bazaar without young ladies attending would be like a wedding without a bride.

THE editor of the "Accrington Guardian" relates the following anecdote, told him by an Accrington gentleman, who had it direct from a member of the Cabinet. In Mr. Gladstone's household at Hawarden was an old woman servant who had a son inclined to go wrong. The mother remonstrated, and advised her boy, but all to no purpose; he seemed determined on a headlong course to ruin. At last the mother in her desperation caught the idea that if she could persuade the Premier to take him in hand, perhaps the prodigal might be reclaimed. "Screwing her courage to the sticking point"—for what will a mother not do for her child?—she approached her master, and in trembling tones preferred her request. Mr. Gladstone responded at once, and though the affairs of the greatest kingdom in the world pressed heavily upon him, with genuine simplicity of character he had the lad sent to his study, when he spoke tender words of advice and remonstrance, and eventually knelt down and prayed a higher power to help in the work of redemption. This kindly action was effectual, and the lad became a reformed character. Fortunate is the country whose affairs are guided by a man like William Ewart Gladstone.

IT seems that the colour prejudice dies hard even in Canada. The recent visit of the Fisk Jubilee Singers has given this fact special prominence. Once and again these really respectable, cultured and Christian ladies and gentlemen have been refused accommodation in certain hotels on account of their colour. The proprietor of a leading hotel in London, Ontario (we are sorry the name has escaped us), took this way of shewing his blood and his breeding, and the Bonifaces of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence Hotels in Montreal have followed suit. We don't blame these poor creatures themselves. Their customers are specially responsible. Of course "mine host" has an especial regard for the coppers, and is naturally anxious to stand well with those from whom he expects most of them. Generally and instinctively he is a "Jeames" of the first water, who will bow and bow and bow to those who will do "good to the house, you know"—and therefore the refusal of the presiding officers in the aforesaid hostleries to give accommodation to any of darker skin than their own tells of the current of opinion among those who frequent the establishments. It is all right and proper to visit with contempt and indignation, the tavern-keepers aforesaid, but let the feeling which lies behind be also noted and exposed. If the snobs in broad cloth who frequent the Ottawa and St. Lawrence got different and better light on the subject, the owners of these establishments would rub their hands as if anxious to excite electricity, and bow their best before much less respectable "darkies" than the Jubilee Singers of Fisk University, just as we have no doubt they would at present run a race of servility and abjectness with each other in order to secure the patronage of *Miss Sarah Bernhardt* or any others of a similar kidney who have not got one rag of character to cover themselves withal, but who are "great artists and very cultured, you know." Canada is *not* disgraced by the conduct of these tavern-keepers, as some allege, for the old adage is still correct, "every creature after its kind," but it is disgraced by having still so much of a senseless and wicked prejudice, prevailing so many of those who are fain to be reckoned among the "better" and "cultured" classes, as to make those who are

anxious to please and retain their regular customers refuse the accommodation of their houses to coloured Christian ladies and gentlemen, while they would be only too glad to welcome with open arms white demireps of both sexes, who are understood to have the Hall-mark of gentility upon them, and have been honoured with noble, nay it may be Royal and Imperial, patronage. The Montreal "Witness," in commenting upon the incident, speaks very truthfully and appropriately when it says . . .

"These hotels will gladly entertain any troupe of travelling mountebanks. They will harbour drunkards and gamblers, and, with regard to the former, help to make them; but a party of Christian ladies and gentlemen, who have enjoyed the hospitality of the best classes of English society, are turned from their doors as if they were lepers. This in Canada, the land that has always been proverbially known as a refuge of the fugitive, and under the British flag, which has made its magnanimous protection of the African race its proudest boast! The St. Lawrence and Ottawa Hotels ought to be left to that class of people who think themselves too good to live with negroes."

THE text of the Pope's speech on the relations between the Vatican and the Italian Government, delivered on the 24th ult., shews that his views are wholly in accord with those of Pius IX. The occasion was a reception given to 600 employees of the late Pontifical Government, who, refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the king of Italy, have since 1870 been pensioners of the Vatican. He lamented those better days when they, like faithful subjects, could each in his office render honourable service to their legitimate prince, who on his part was able to shew his love and his satisfaction for the services rendered. But now all that was changed. The designs of Providence, which had assigned to the Roman Pontiff a temporal dominion that he might enjoy a secure liberty, and true independence in the exercise of his supreme religious power, had been frustrated through the series of crimes which had been successfully consummated, to the injury of the Apostolic See, and through which the Pontiff had been despoiled of all liberty and independence. The Pope continued: "True it is that to hide the odious character of the fact they never cease from saying we are free because not subjected to visible coercion, but true liberty is not that which depends on the will of others. They also persist in saying that freedom of speech has been left us, as if so many of our glorious predecessors had not spoken freely even in the depths of the catacombs, in the squalor of prisons, in the face of fierce tyrants, in the midst of torments and under threats of cruel death, and they, nevertheless, were certainly neither free nor independent in that state. We know also that they cease not from saying and writing that our Apostolic authority is revered and respected in Rome. But the truth of this assertion may be easily known by slightly bending the ear and listening to the insults which in this same city are with impunity aimed at us, at religion, and at the Catholic Church, of which, though unworthy, we are the head and supreme pastor. Only a few weeks have passed since, beneath our very eyes, they celebrated with clamorous rejoicing the anniversary of the violent occupation of Rome, that ever sorrowful day for us, which obliged the Pontiff to shut himself within the narrow circuit of these walls. Finally they go about saying and repeating that nothing interferes with our doing all that is required for the government of the Church. From our words you can fully understand, beloved children, how difficult and hard is the condition in which the Roman Pontiff has been placed by the revolution, and how vain are the flattering hopes of those who talk of the possibility of its being accepted on our part. Mindful always of our duties, and knowing what is required for the good of the Church and the dignity of the Roman Pontificate, we shall never acquiesce in the present condition of things, nor shall we cease, as we have never yet ceased, from calling for the restitution of all which, by fraud and deceit, has been taken from the Apostolic See. For the rest we shall wait with confidence and tranquility until God, in whose hands is our cause, matures for the Church that day on which He will render justice to her rights."

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

VICTORY THROUGH RETREAT.

BY REV. JAMES MASTER, LINDSAY.

It is the last thing we would expect of Elijah—this retreat to Cherith—judging from the man, and from his opening attack on Ahab.

Sudden as a thunderbolt from a clear sky, and as unexpected, the prophet confronted the monarch and exclaimed, "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word." (1 Kings, xvii. 1.)

Good generalship, we would suppose, demands that the *coup de main* be persistently followed up till victory be complete, and rather than retreat the hero would fall. But, the campaign was of God's designing, and His strategy like Himself puts to scorn the wisdom of men.

Elijah retreated because God sounded retreat. But, why order retreat at the present juncture?

(1) For *Ahab's sake*. Bad men are notoriously superstitious. Superstition is peculiarly affected by what is concealed and mysterious. Elijah's absence, therefore, would terrify Ahab vastly more than his presence would. Famine was devouring man and beast meantime. Ahab was at his wit's end to know what to do. Fain would he hold a conference with the awful prophet, but he was incognito. The presence of the famine and drought, the absence of the famine-producer were a double distraction to the monarch; while positive and present ills were still further augmented by the hallucinations of a guilty imagination as to what might yet take place. It was of great moment to paralyze Ahab's hand, and confuse his mind, and this could be done most effectively by keeping Elijah out of sight while the judgments were doing their terrible work. Hence one reason for Elijah's retreat to Cherith.

(2) *Ha!* the main reason was for Elijah's own sake.

(a) To protect him. Could Ahab only get his hand on the "Troubler's" throat how soon he would dispatch him. True, God could as easily work a miracle for Elijah's rescue as to stop rain by a miracle. But the divine method is not to employ miraculous agency so long as natural means will suffice. In this case concealment will accomplish for the prophet all that is needed; hence the order to retreat into the wilderness.

(b) Mainly, however, to train Elijah for those future exploits which he was destined to achieve later on. Three years hence and the pitched battle between truth and error shall be fought on Mount Carmel, and for that grand Waterloo Elijah must be specially fitted. To this end he is sent to college, shall I say, up yonder by the lonely brook Cherith. Twelve months of seclusion from society, twelve months of solitary life in a weird wilderness, followed by two years more of concealment up at Sidon with a poor widow—what a strange curriculum to pass through. Nay, more than strange, how trying, extremely trying to a man of Elijah's temperament and upbringing. He was a born man of war. Mountain bred, he was naturally in love with danger. Just in his element he was thundering the truth into Ahab's ear, or breaking to pieces false gods. Like Job's war-horse, he smelled the battle afar off, he mocked at fear, and was not affrighted, neither turned he back from the sword. He said among the trumpets, Ha! ha!

Fancy what a trial it was to be bidden retire into the wilderness, seemingly to do nothing. How irksome to sit there month after month, silent and idle, while idolatry and licentiousness ran riot over the land; while Ahab and Baal (seemingly at least) reign in undisputed sway. But, the first qualification of a great commander is to learn to obey. God peremptorily commands a retreat, and Elijah shews greater bravery in promptly obeying than in confronting Ahab at his own palace.

Now, here comes into prominence a great principle which claims a few moments' careful study—the principle of secret and unseen forces. Winter is a reign of death apparently, yet what is winter but nature's great laboratory wherein full preparation is made for all the beauties and bounties of next spring and summer, and for the fruitage of autumn. While asleep we seem to be losing time and money, yet nothing pays so well as sound sleep and plenty of it, and never are we really accomplishing so much as then. Much the same in the moral sphere. In a fast and fussy age like ours how apt we are to fancy we are doing nothing for God or man unless we

are performing some public labour, serving on committees, *etc.*, conducting meetings, teaching in the Sabbath school, preaching, writing for the press, giving large contributions, *etc.*; while biding still awaiting God's orders, passing months in the sick chamber, only a tax and a trouble to others, shut up in prison, maybe, for conscience's sake, this we count time lost and a calamity.

This incident in Elijah's life sets us right on this point. It reminds us that John Bunyan while in Bedford gaol twelve years, was doing more to demolish Satan's kingdom than when abroad preaching the Word; Paul while a prisoner at Rome was doing much as when traversing sea and land proclaiming the blessed Evangel, Jesus, while forty days in the wilderness, enduring temptation, is as fully employed as when preaching the sermon on the mount, or casting out devils.

..... "God doth not need
Either man's work or His own gifts: *who best*
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait.

Brother, hold yourself ready to visit lonely Cherith. It is God's way with His own. If He has any special honour in store for you, any unusually important work for you to do, He will send you to school for a while in the valley of humiliation.

The gold must pass through the fire to remove the dross. The kingdom and the crown can be reached only through much tribulation. Only make sure that you understand your marching orders, then carry them out, cost what it may. This is Christian life. This is serving God.

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

In a pamphlet by Rev. D. B. Blair, published at Halifax in 1873, we have a "Dissertation on the Degrees of Kindred which Bar Marriage." I now invite attention to one or two points I find there relating to "marriage with the deceased wife's sister" only; other points are important, but I keep to this one question, and as Mr. Blair has stated the argument generally put forward as forbidding that marriage in a very fair way, and so that it can be fairly met, I wish shortly to state my objection to it.

1. On page sixteen, after giving the common table of forbidden degrees, he says: "The number of prohibitions is thirty; fifteen are expressly prohibited, and the other fifteen by inference. Now, whatever doctrine may be deduced from Scripture by a *just and necessary* inference is as much taught there as what is expressly stated. *It may therefore be fairly assumed* that when marriage is expressly forbidden between relatives of a *certain degree of nearness*, it is unlawful between other relatives who are in the same degree," *etc.*

It is this "assumption" to which objection is taken. If I could agree with Mr. Blair in his premise the conclusion could not be disputed. It does not, however, appear to me to be a fair and necessary inference to say, because a brother's widow is forbidden, *therefore* also is a wife's sister. The relation in which they stand to a man is *analogous* but not *identical*; the one may be forbidden while the other is not. There is no necessity of inference which justifies us in assuming that the latter marriage is interdicted.

2. On page fifteen Mr. Blair says: "When a man is forbidden to marry his brother's wife, this includes the *correlative* prohibition of a woman marrying her husband's brother, as well as the *analogous prohibition* of a woman marrying her sister's husband, or a man marrying his wife's sister." To the "correlative prohibition" I assent; for the "analogous prohibition" I find no ground in Scripture. Let Mr. Blair *show* that ground and not assume it. It is not an axiom or self-evident truth.

3. On page fifteen Mr Blair goes on to say, that it is clear that the fourth section of the twenty-fourth chapter of the Westminster Confession rests on "an impregnable foundation of Scripture truth," and adds, "It is only to *relations by blood* that the prohibition extends. There is not a single instance of a wife's relatives by marriage being *expressly* forbidden to the husband, or of a husband's relatives by marriage being forbidden to the wife. *The instances given in Leviticus do not warrant us to extend the prohibition to them. Therefore they are not included in the phrase, 'near of kin.'*"

Now, *mutatis mutandis*, Mr. Blair has in the last two clauses enunciated the ground on which I oppose his assumption from analogy, *viz.*: There is not a single instance of a wife's relatives by blood in the *collateral line* being expressly forbidden to the husband or of a husband's relatives by blood in the *collateral line* being forbidden to the wife. The instances given in Leviticus do not warrant us to extend the prohibition to them. *Therefore they are not included* in the phrase, "near of kin." If an instance can be given I will yield the question. But as the "collateral line" of a wife's relatives is referred to only in verse eighteen, and there not to prohibit marriage, I hold that the law does not by *fair and necessary inference* prohibit marriage with a deceased wife's sister or niece or aunt.

4. On page twenty-five, Mr. Blair says: "In the seventeenth verse a man is interdicted from marrying a woman and her mother, or a woman and her daughter or her grand-daughter, for it is wickedness to do so, because they are near kinswomen," that is, are "near of kin." To this I assent (1) women related to a wife in the "direct line" of ascent and descent are interdicted, (2) one of them is expressly said to be "near of kin"—but note well, not a word is said of the "collateral line," nor is a sister said to be "near of kin," in the sense of being included in that law-phrase. "On the same ground," Mr. Blair goes on to say "it is wickedness to marry two sisters, for two sisters are one flesh or near kinswomen according to verse thirteen." We turn to verse thirteen and we find that the "ground" is not the same, as Mr. Blair says it is, but "she is thy mother's kinswoman." Unless we *assume* that the mother and wife are "one with the man," in the same sense it is obvious that a "mother's kinswoman" when a wife's is not, and that the prohibition may rest on grounds which do not apply to a wife. To *assume* that the ground is the same is a fallacy. Besides the law expressly forbids the one and does not, except admittedly by analogy, seem to forbid the other. The law nowhere says "thou shalt not marry a wife's sister, for she is one flesh with thy wife. Or, in other words, the law of Moses interdicts a mother's sister, on the ground that she is included in the phrase "near of kin," but does not interdict a wife's sister on the ground that she is near of kin to the wife. The law does not include wife's sister, niece, or aunt in the phrase "near of kin." The law affects only relatives by blood of the wife in the direct line, and does not affect those in the collateral line.

If Mr. Blair or some other writer will fairly meet this issue, it will do much to promote unity of sentiment among us. But so long as I (and others think as I do) find no Scripture warrant for the assumption founded on "analogous relationship," I cannot assent to the statement that a man may not marry *any* of his "wife's kindred nearer in blood than he may of his own." I think some of his wife's blood relations are interdicted, but not all; not the sister, niece, or aunt.

Dundas, Ont., Nov. 4, 1880.

JOHN LAING.

SEVEN YEARS IN THE INDIAN MISSION FIELD.

(Concluded.)

Year by year it becomes more evident that India will never accept a system of religion from another people. No foreigner will ever lead out her dusky millions from their present darkness into the kingdom of the light of God. Her leader must be found among her own sons, he must be from within her own borders; but how, you ask, are we to reach him? Give the people the power to read, and the Bible without note or comment, and the man *will make himself known*. First of all, *primary education* must be our gift to the masses, so that the power of the press may be brought to bear.

It has always struck me that argument, as a convincing medium, must be very carefully handled to be successful, though quiet, earnest talking may be most effective. There is much in *mode*. Missions should in no wise relax their efforts in breaking up and preparing the soil. The intellect of India has been following for centuries, and in due time we may reasonably expect a golden harvest; we must labour, while we wait. Since the establishment of Christian missions in India, a slow but radical change has been going on. Ideas that had long been fixed as axioms in the national mind have become revolutionized, and we

firm arising all about us "societies" and "advanced schools" of philosophy, strongly impregnated with the precepts of the Christian faith. There is perhaps no man living who is more competent to judge of India in regard to its future, and Christianity, than Professor Max Müller, of Oxford. In a letter written to the Rev. Norman Macleod, D.D., shortly before his death, Dr. Müller says:—

"One cannot measure the success of a missionary by the number of converts he has made, and it does not seem to me likely that Christianity will for some time to come spread in India chiefly by means of direct conversions. Its influence, however, is felt everywhere, and ever the formation of new religious societies, apparently hostile to Christianity, like the Brahmo Somaj is due indirectly to the preaching and teaching of Christian missionaries. From what I know of the Hindus they seem to me riper for Christianity than any nation that ever accepted the Gospel. It does not follow that the Christianity of India will be the Christianity of England, but that the new religion of India will embrace all the essential elements of Christianity I have no doubt, and that is surely something worth fighting for. If people had only to go to India to preach, and make hundreds and thousands of converts, why, who would not be a missionary then? Of these new schools of modern thought, the 'Brahmo Somaj' or 'Society of God' stands out most prominently. The leader in this movement was Raja Ram Mohun Roy, of Calcutta, a native gentleman of rank, influence, wealth, and education. Learning heretofore had been considered the exclusive privilege of the Brahmins, particularly since the decline of Buddhism, and what has been called the 'revival of Brahminism.' It was here Mohun Roy first made his protest, and preached strongly and publicly in favour of common school education. He became known and popular, being considered the champion of the people. He next lifted his voice against idolatry, declaring it to be contrary both to the spirit and letter of the Vedas. Against caste he used his utmost influence, and to him chiefly is due the credit of the abolition of *sati* or *widow burning*. This society still maintains a struggling existence in Bengal. After the death of Roy his work was taken up by his chief friend and councillor, Dvaraka Nath Tagore, who, in behalf of the schemes of the society, gave all the support and influence he had, but the interest declined until his son, Debendra Nath Tagore, took up the work of reform more zealously. Debendra had fallen still more under Christian teaching, and his precepts and beliefs more nearly approximate. He went so far as *publicly to renounce the worship of idols* and declare his belief in the one true God of the Vedas only. He, with his disciples and followers, founded what is called the Adi Somaj or *first church*.

Calcutta gives us still another in Babee Kasheb Chunder Sen, who still lives. He rejected the Hindu System in toto. His creed was, "I believe in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men." He adopted the first article of the Church of England, namely, that "there is but one living and true God, everlasting, without body, parts or passions, of infinite power, wisdom and goodness, the maker and preserver of all things." Within the last few years, however, Sen's daughter received an offer of marriage from a young Hindu Rājā; he was powerful, wealthy, and aristocratic, but an orthodox Hindu. This temptation proved too strong for our reformer, and he after propitiating the Brahmins he so openly despised and condemned, was again received into the fold. It is said he now sits as a father or priest in a garden without the city, vibrating to the opposite extreme in spite of his advanced theories and enlightenment. Multitudes had flocked to his side, regarding him as a beacon light of hope; these people did not fall with their leader, but, becoming disbanded, and unorganized, they are adrift with the multitude. Western India is not behind; there we have many followers of what is called the Prathna Somaj or "Prayer Society." Buildings have been erected for worship, above the portals of which is inscribed the title "Prathna Somaj."

In India the commonly accepted idea of a place of worship is that a man builds a house that he may place his god within it, and there at leisure visit him, and do him reverence. A temple is not seated as our churches, nor are they commonly so large, and contain simply the image or images of the favoured deities. The worshipper first rings a bell to notify the

god of his arrival, then follow prostrations, oblations, and offerings, which complete the ceremony, after which the worshipper departs, while a new one takes his place, and there is a continuous ebb and flow, especially in the evening. Of course this is diametrically the opposite to our ideas of a church, which we for our own convenience erect, that we more conveniently may worship *together* in an orderly manner. The latest society so established on the Bombay side is the Arya Somaj. Both the Arya and Prathna Societies are most uncompromising in their opposition to caste, idol-worship and superstition of all kinds. Although these men are more or less under the influence of Christianity, yet they will not acknowledge the divinity of Christ. They are willing to acknowledge Him as a true historic character and a deified hero, but nothing more. These are the societies to which Professor Müller refers, when he predicts that the future Christian Church of India must emanate from a Somaj.

Truly education and science have largely aided missions in the work of breaking down old barriers and uprooting old systems. Why need we talk and struggle so, when with the power to read, and the Gospel spread freely and fully over the land the entrance of light must banish the darkness. Having done that let us await God's time with quiet confidence, working in love, longsuffering, gentleness, and faith, with eyes upraised to the face of the Father, looking ever for the fulfilment of his sure promises.

Professor Monier Williams in speaking of India says: "Much ground indeed has been already won by soldiers of the cross, but to secure a more hopeful advance of Christianity throughout India, a large accession to the missionary ranks of *well-trained men*, thoroughly conversant with the systems against which they have to contend, and prepared to *LIVE, as well as preach*, the simple story of the Gospel of Christ, is urgently needed.

To my mind also, no man, or woman either, has a right to be a missionary who is not *not thoroughly in earnest*, who is not capable of recognizing and seizing opportunities of advance; but wearily well they know who live strongly and earnestly, that they will create cross currents and opposition just as surely as the rider meets the wind. Yet this should not altogether discourage, for men seldom trouble native inability, failures, or nonentities, neither does Satan, but he is busy enough where the walls of his kingdom are actually stormed. The difficulties which either Holkar or his people have thrown in the way of the spread of the "Word," shews only that it has *touch*ed them. Indore city work would never have been closed, had it not been telling; so that we should rather be encouraged while we

"Trust in God amid all changes,
Pleased well with all He may ordain,
Wait patient till what He arranges,
For their best welfare be made plain.
God who hath chosen them as His,
Knows best what their true welfare is."

M. FAIRWEATHER.

A TIME OF BLESSING.

DR. MACKAY'S VISIT TO PEMBROKE.

MR. EDITOR,—Dr. Mackay left this place only yesterday morning, after having been here from Friday evening, spending the whole of Saturday and Sabbath. I feel it to be due to the Doctor himself, to our Foreign Mission Committee, which has sent him on this visit among the churches, and far more, unspeakably more, I feel it due to the great cause of missions, and to Christ Jesus, our blessed Redeemer, to tell not only what delight we have received from this visit, but also what a blessing it has been to us, in order that other places to which this devoted missionary may go, by expecting and looking for like precious blessing, may be prepared to receive it. In order that many may reap benefit, great spiritual benefit, as we trust, be stimulated to an ever-deepening and more consecrated interest in the cause of Christ, it is necessary that they *hear*; and to hear they must *go and listen*; and that they may go and listen it is necessary that they be urged, their curiosity even excited, as regards what they may expect, and hope to get by going and hearing.

It should not be necessary to say, and yet it may be well to say, that every endeavour and preparation that could be made beforehand to make the meetings a success as respects attendance was made. They were talked over in the session, and means devised to call out and give scope to the exercise of liberality.

They were talked about from the pulpit and in the Sabbath school weeks before the time, and they were talked about in the congregation. Attention was drawn to them through the local press, and lastly by large posters liberally placarded through the town. But what gave them interest after all, and made them grow in interest was the missionary himself, the story he had to tell and the way he told it. On Saturday evening an address was given on the countries and people of China and Formosa, their idols and idolatries. No amount of reading, aided even by a vivid imagination, could give so full, clear and definite an idea of these as was conveyed by this lecture. It was an admirable preparation for what followed, and the meeting, large for a Saturday evening, prepared the way for still larger meetings on the Sabbath. On that day the story was told of the opposition, privations, difficulties, and dangers of many kinds encountered in the first planting of the Gospel, and how God, for His own name's sake, honoured and rewarded the faith, zeal and devotion of His servant in giving him his first convert, his own son in the faith. In the afternoon the Sabbath school scholars, many parents who had been present in the morning, and others besides, both young and old, were held in eager interest for a full hour, one little Canadian child fairly breaking down at the pitiful story of the sufferings of a Chinese child from its own father because it would go to learn the Christian hymns and be taught by the Christian teacher. In the evening the story of the morning was continued for an hour and a half with, if possible, even more of interest, to a still larger audience, the church being filled, many from other Protestant churches being present. Before the beginning of this meeting, while sitting in the pulpit, an envelope was handed up, from one not present, who only heard about the good work of God which had been done, containing an offering of ten dollars. Next morning two Methodist friends, who had been present, called at the manse and cheerfully and voluntarily left, the one ten and the other four dollars.

It is little to say the meetings were interesting, they were intensely interesting. They were not only missionary meetings, giving a great deal of missionary information, and calculated greatly to deepen interest in missionary work in Formosa, and wherever there is a benighted soul to be saved, but they were instinct with spiritual power, they were so quickening, the honour and glory and praise were so fervently and entirely ascribed to Jesus, that they have left an influence behind them which will be long felt in the place, and by many, we are persuaded, will never be lost or forgotten.

W. D. BALLANTYNE.

Pembroke, Nov. 23rd, 1880.

P.S.—I merely add that the collections and subscriptions taken up amount to \$173.26, of which \$34 are for Formosa specially.

W. D. B.

OPENING OF THE WELLAND CANAL ON THE SABBATH.

MR. EDITOR,—You may have noticed that some time ago the Welland Canal was opened for the passage of vessels during twelve hours of the Lord's day, *i.e.*, from twelve o'clock on Saturday night to six o'clock on Sabbath morning, and from six o'clock on Sabbath evening to twelve of the same. The change was made several weeks ago, and the order was put into operation so quietly that the public became aware of it only through the lock-tenders and others, who were the sufferers individually and personally. The matter was no sooner known, however, than the concern and dissatisfaction of the people were made manifest. Strong disapprobation of the act was freely expressed, and action was taken at once in Port Dalhousie, St. Catharines, Merritton and Thorold, to have an expression of public opinion on the matter. A meeting was held in Merritton, at which a resolution was adopted, expressing the alarm and indignation felt at the desecration under Government of Sabbath, and a large and influential committee was appointed to carry out the views of the people in the matter. In St. Catharines a meeting of the ministers was held, and it was decided to proceed by calling another meeting to consider what steps should be taken, so as to give expression to the strong public sentiment which had been roused on the subject. However, in the meantime, the superintendent of the canal published a note, stating that he had received an order from the Secretary rescinding the former order, and ordering the canal to be cleared during the

whole of the Sabbath. Much satisfaction is expressed at the prompt action of the Government in the matter.

It is also felt to be a cause for thankfulness and encouragement that the people have shewn such a sensitive regard for the sacredness of the Sabbath, and for the rights of those of their fellow-citizens whose rights were being so seriously interfered with. Very many who take a most liberal view of the "Sabbath question" are not prepared to stand still and see the institution of the day of rest trampled on under the sanction of Government, or men deprived of their sacred rights by the unfeeling demands of commercial avarice.

G. BRUCE.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

MR. EDITOR,—Herewith please receive a statement of money, etc., collected by Miss Agnes Kay, on behalf of Knox Church, Port Sydney. There are ninety-one names altogether from whom money was collected, seventy-nine living in Toronto, the balance in Hamilton. I have all the names, but thought it too many for you to publish. The total amount of this collection is \$141.23. One sewing machine, given by Mr. Wanzer, of Hamilton, and to be sold for the benefit of the church, \$35; net proceeds of concert, at St. James' Square Church, \$21.80. Total, \$208.03. Of course there were some necessary expenses that will reduce this amount some, but I think we shall have enough to nearly finish the church now, with what is promised us. As a church we feel deeply obliged to the ladies and gentlemen who have so ably responded to our call for aid, and I would especially mention Mr. J. T. Boyd and Mr. R. S. Baird, of Toronto, for without their assistance I am sure we should not have succeeded near so well. By publishing this you will oblige

W. JARVIS.

Port Sydney, December 6th, 1850.

SHORTENING CREEDS.

MR. EDITOR,—In THE PRESBYTERIAN of October 29th, the Rev. Mr. Macdonnell, of Toronto, says, "To propose the shortening of a creed so as to embrace only the essentials of the Christian faith is not to propose its annihilation."

With all due respect to the pastor of New St. Andrew's Church, I maintain that the shortening of the creed of a Church so as to embrace only the essentials of the Christian faith, does annihilate it as a distinctive creed. Take for example our own Confession of Faith. The Arminians differ from us on such points as predestination, election, the extent of the atonement, the perseverance of the saints, and free will. I believe that ever godly Arminian is practically a thorough Calvinist. It has been well remarked that no better Calvinist can be found than a pious Arminian when he prays. Still, though the points above mentioned are most important ones, they are not essential. Suppose, then, that we lop them off. The Episcopalians and the Congregationalists differ from us on the subject of church government. That is far from being one of no consequence. Still it, too, is a non-essential. Let us, then, lop it off also. The Baptists differ from us regarding the subjects and mode of Baptism. These are anything but insignificant matters. They do not, however, belong to the essentials of the Christian faith. Let us lop them off also. Would not the Westminster Confession of Faith, after undergoing all this trimming, be annihilated as the creed of a Church differing from the Arminians, the Episcopalians, the Congregationalists, and the Baptists? What may be called the creed of the Evangelical Alliance embraces only the essentials of the Christian faith, but it is, of course, the creed of no particular Church.

Some say that they have subscribed only the general system of doctrine contained in this or that creed. This to me seems like taking an oath with an "etc." in it, which, it is said, was sometimes done in the days of, I think, Charles II. One purpose of a creed is to shew to the world what the Church professes to hold it believes. Now, if every one who subscribes it, subscribe just what he thinks proper, and reject the rest, how is the world to know what is the general system of doctrine on which all are agreed? T. F.

Metis, Quebec, Dec. 6th, 1850.

THERE is nothing terrible in death but that our life has made it so.—*Matthew Henry.*

OBITUARY.

In the opening days of September Mr. John Fisher, an elder of our Church and one of its oldest and most attached friends in the Ottawa district, passed to his rest and his reward. When yet young he came to the township of McNab, and experienced his fair share of the privations which fell to the lot of its pioneer settlers. Being a man of great energy and force of character, he in a comparatively short time succeeded in making for himself a comfortable home, and soon won the complete esteem and confidence of those who had settled around him. His business capacity marked out Mr. Fisher as a man to be entrusted with the control of public affairs, and accordingly he was for many years selected as Reeve of the township, and also served a term as Warden of the county. He was even better known, however, as one who took a lively interest in the cause of religion, and being warmly attached to the Presbyterian form of doctrine and government, he early devoted much of his time and talents to the affairs of the Church. From the beginning almost he was a manager of the temporal affairs of the congregation of McNab and Horton, and in that position he was largely instrumental in consolidating and placing on a secure footing that now large and flourishing country congregation.

In the year 1851, Mr. Fisher was called to the eldership, and during the twenty-three years in which he was actively engaged in the duties of that office gave ample evidence of the wisdom of the choice. His sterling and unobtrusive piety gained him a place in the hearts of the people, such as it falls to the lot of but few to obtain. His devotion to Christ's cause, and his excellent judgment, made him a trusted adviser in the kirk session and the Presbytery, and his earnest and untiring efforts for advancing the general interests of the Church caused him to be widely and favourably known as one of the most prominent friends of Presbyterianism in the district. He was deeply interested in promoting the union of the Presbyterian Churches, and sincerely rejoiced at its completion. Strange to say, however, he was never privileged to worship with a congregation of the united Church. Before the union he was laid aside from all work, being stricken with a rheumatic affection which prevented him from leaving his own home. During seven years he was utterly helpless, and it was during those years that his friends learned to value him the most. Then he cheerfully took up his burden, and, leaning upon Jesus, bore it with true Christian patience and resignation. With cheerfulness he resigned himself to the will of God, and in quiet converse with his friends and with his Heavenly Father, he passed his days in wonderful peace and joy. His friends were comforted in having him with them, and trusted that he might be longer spared. But he was suddenly prostrated by a new form of disease, and having no strength to battle against it he sank quickly, and passed peacefully to his rest. His wife, three children, and many friends, remain to mourn his loss, but, mourning not as those who are without hope, they think of that loss as being his eternal gain.

A loving husband and father, a faithful friend, and a true Christian, has gone from the home where he was so greatly beloved, and from a people who knew his worth. "Being dead he yet speaketh," and in nothing more than in the patience with which he bore the sufferings and troubles of his later years. R. C.

LET friendship creep gently to a height; if it rushes to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.—*Fuller.*

As a countenance is made beautiful by the soul's shining through, so the world is beautiful by the shining through it of God.—*Jacobi.*

EVERY real and searching effort at self-improvement is of itself a lesson of profound humility. For we cannot move a step without learning and feeling the waywardness, the weakness, the vacillation of our movements, or without desiring to be set upon the Rock that is higher than ourselves.—*W. E. Gladstone.*

THE source, or motive, of giving to God, and the purpose to which the money given is to be applied, are entirely distinct. The purpose should never serve as a motive. Men are not to give because money is necessary. They are to give simply because giving is necessary. And giving is necessary for the sake of the giver. It is for the giver's own benefit that God expects him to give.—*Churchman.*

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

THE HOME AND ITS IMPROVEMENT.

The influence of the home upon character and morals is so self-evident as to require no particular emphasis; it is an immense factor in the well-being of a community; it not only steadies, but it stimulates ambition, encourages an honest life, and makes its owner a more intelligent man, a better citizen. If the value of ownership is in question, from a political standpoint, one need only look at France where peasant proprietorship is the foundation of the Republic. And this is, perhaps, the most hopeful condition of American life. With the exception of the great cities where a floating population is inevitable, the majority of our people dwell in their own habitations. Scattered all over the country, forming a network of ennobling associations, clustered about the village highway, isolated upon the New England hill-tops, resting on the great prairies, adding to the beauty of our towns, forming in the West the bulwark of civilization—these homes, from the humblest cot to the palace of the railroad king, are so many magnets drawing the better class of the people to an intimate and patriotic love of their native soil.

"True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home," The affections centre in these shrines of domestic comfort. To those who have been merely tenants of apartments or houses, such an affection can be but dimly realized. Can anything be more forlorn than the ordinary city lodging, with its cramped boundaries, noisy surroundings and glaring publicity? How can domestic virtues be cultivated in a great caravan-sary, where the eye of everyone is upon his neighbour? The very word home conveys the sensation of peace and comfort. It means freedom to do as one likes, to enjoy individual liberty to the top of one's bent. But a mere dwelling should not be the sole aim. The Indian has his wigwam which he carries from place to place, but one hardly looks upon it as the shrine of domestic bliss. Without intellectual associations, without culture, without refinement, without at least some striving toward beautifying its interior and surroundings, home is not home; it is a base counterfeit upon the old Saxon meaning. "Home," says Dryden, "is the sacred refuge of our life." Mere possession is not enough, for if the home is indeed a refuge it will be made a pleasant one; the temple of love, it must be made fit for the indwelling of those who would derive strength and benefit from it. Too many of our so-called homes are bare and cheerless. Especially is this the case with those of the farmer and the rural community generally. Eminently practical in all his views, shrewd and capable in all that pertains to the growing of crops, the farmer is apt to neglect the better side of his nature. He looks upon sentiment as purely superfluous; it is with him a matter of dollars and cents. "What," he will ask you, "is the use of pictures, and magazines, and flowers?"—forgetting that life is more than meat and the body than raiment. And what is life if it does not minister to the higher side of our natures; if it means merely food and drink and clothing while the mind is left desolate, without one beautiful association, dwelling forever upon the sordid claims of everyday existence? To those who have mingled with the world and grown weary of drifting from place to place, this yearning for a home grows with years. They consider it a happiness to toil and deny themselves that a permanent abode may be provided for their families. They know that they will become stronger and better men. And when these hopes are realized they feel as if a portion of the earth had been given them in trust, and they are eager not to fall short of the responsibilities thus devolving upon them.

WEALTH'S GREATEST LUXURY.

The greatest luxury of superfluous wealth is *in giving it away*. A man cannot be happy if surrounded by unhappiness. As a mere matter of "enlightened selfishness," the greatest pleasure a man can have is in mitigating the misfortunes or adding to the pleasure of those of his circle. And, beyond that comparatively narrow sphere, lies, in widening circles, the Nation itself. There, in his native town—the village where he was born, or the city wherein he has worked and prospered—should he not like to benefit those places and be remembered as their benefactor? It is

in these and such like forms of expenditure that, under the growing social spirit, our large industrial fortunes will more and more be expended. Landed wealth, we repeat, has an ample scope for its beneficial expenditure upon the land itself; it is the fortunes of our commercial millionaires which will chiefly and especially go in benefits to the toiling millions, and in service to the public. Athens of old was certainly not a very wealthy city; but the spirit of citizenship—we would say Communism, but for the frightful misuse of that word and distortion of that principle recently witnessed in France—was highly developed; so that if a grand drama was to be put upon the stage, some noble edifice to be erected, or the State aided in a great crisis, it was the wealthy citizens who voluntarily, and also as a recognized duty, came forward to defray the expense.

Should any one think that, in thus writing, I hold up too high an ideal, I would ask him to look around, and he will see that what I preach is already being practised. And what is now appearing as a new usage is only what prevailed on a grand scale in this country, and in some others, in the olden time. It was private wealth that built the grand halls and towers of Oxford, and that supplied endowments for these and countless other seats of learning. It was private wealth that raised nearly all of our finest abbeys and grandest cathedrals. Greenwich Hospital, with its noble architecture and beneficent purpose, was a splendid outcome of private generosity for a national and patriotic object. Historians, in recording the origin of that magnificent building, and philologists, in lamenting the decay of patriotic spirit and individual sacrifice or self-denial, have frequently asked, "Who can hope to see a Greenwich Hospital erected in these latter times?" Our country has been passing through a transition state—a very long one, it is true. Social duty, in its old forms, died out; feudalism, trade guilds, etc., disappeared and under the modern spirit of individual freedom, society had to start upon a new course, in which, naturally, the individual predominated. Individual energy and individual rights repelled State action in the national outgoings, while the nation, the social community, sank greatly into disregard. The well-being of the community was believed to be best promoted by each man or class pushing their own fortunes at the expense of the others. The conception of the nation, in fact, became not that of an organic whole, but of an infinity of parts; not a commonwealth, but so many millions of units each striving for himself, on the watch to profit at the cost of his neighbours, and owing no duty to those who could not hold their own in the scramble and *melee* of unlimited competition.

It was a healthy training, but it would be a most unsatisfactory goal. The *regime* was Spartan-like in its severity; but in Sparta the object was all for the State, as here for the individual. And now, having completed the combative stage of youth, during which class has fought against class, and individualism has been supreme, the modern system is approaching maturity, and yearning for social concord is promoted by the very vastness and fierceness of the class-antagonism; and once more the nation, the social community, begins to rise before men's thoughts like a grand temple to be completed and perfected, and to which individual owes a distinct duty.—*The British Quarterly*.

MEN AND THEIR CHILDREN.

Just at an age when a man begins to get himself well in hand, to grow broader in his views, sweeter in his temper, to lose the acidity, the positiveness, the inability of youth to generalize the detailed experience he has gained—to be fit, in a word, to accomplish the work he had planned to do in the world—he begins, if he has a father, to set himself wholly on one side for the sake of the little men and women about his table. His great picture is never painted, his epic is never written, the best work of which he is capable is never done; he gives himself up to pot-boilers in order to bring up another man, who perhaps may be inferior to himself. This is the work which has been going on since the beginning of the world. We make much of the pelican who robs her breast of a few drops of blood for her young, but the great rule of humanity has been that one generation of middle-aged people sacrificed their chances, their hopes, their work for the world, for their children. The great oak crumbles and dies that the ground may be richer for the sapling. It is a just sequence. But it may be

carried too far, and it is carried further in America than in any other country. Fathers and mothers have a right of development which they themselves are bound to respect. A man will be the better able to elevate his children if he stops his daily suicidal grind long enough to consider that he also is a human being, whose character and work in the world will probably be quite as helpful as the boys for whom he is sacrificing all his time and opportunities. One is sometimes tempted to wonder whether in the lives to come there will not be some place where the ambitions and hopes and thwarted possibilities of the middle-aged may have the chances which here, fitly enough, are reserved for the young.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

GOD KNOWETH BEST.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here had spurned—
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deepest tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see,
And even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all the doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key!

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white, unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall know and better understand,
I think that we will say, "God knoweth best!"

—Index.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

The following story of a reckless young man suggests a possible comfort in the case of other erring loved ones:

A lady in Baltimore had a wayward son, whose reckless conduct cost her many tears. There were many things in her life to make her happy, but anxiety for her headstrong boy saddened all her enjoyment and disturbed her peace.

He grew more indifferent to her love and finally he left his home for a life of adventure in the West. But happiness did not come to him in his wild career, nor riches from his eager search in the mines. For a time the new freedom gratified him, but his restless spirit could not be contented even with that.

By some means his mother kept track of his wanderings, and was able to send him messages of love, but they brought few or no replies. At one of Mr. Moody's meetings in Baltimore she heard Rev. Robert Lowry's touching poem and tune that has been so often sung, and the words exactly uttered her own feelings:

"Where is my wandering boy to-night?
The boy of my tenderest care;
The boy that was once my joy and light,
The child of my love and prayer.

* * * * *

Bring me my wandering boy to-night,
Go search for him where you will,
But bring him to me with all his blight,
And tell him I love him still.

O, where is my boy to-night?
My heart o'erflows, for I love him, he knows;
O, where is my boy to-night?"

The weeping woman copied the verses and sent them to her son in a letter. No word from him ever reached her in return. At last she lost all trace of him, not even knowing that he had received her mes-

sage. Then after weary waiting, tidings came, bitter tidings, strangely mingled with consolation.

Her "wandering boy" had fallen a victim to his restless passion. In some daring expedition on one of the Rocky Mountain trails he had become separated from his party and lost. His body was found in a cave where he had died of hunger and exhaustion. By his side was an unfinished letter to his mother. In it he craved her forgiveness, as he had already asked the forgiveness of heaven. He had received the poem she had sent him, he said, and it had melted his heart, and had led him to repentance.—*Youth's Companion*.

"LEAD KINDLY LIGHT."

Cardinal Newman's exquisite hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," is usually printed as consisting only of three stanzas—a fourth and very important one being omitted. The following is the hymn in its complete form, and we are sure very many of our readers will be thankful to have the last verse:

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost a while!

Meanwhile, along the narrow, rugged path
Thyself hast trod,
Lead, Saviour, lead me home in childlike faith,
Home to my God,
To rest forever after earthly strife,
In the calm light of everlasting life.

CHRIST OUR LORD.

Jesus Christ is the most certain, the most sacred, the most glorious, of all facts; arrayed in a beauty and majesty which throws the "starry heavens above us and the normal law within us" into obscurity, and fills us truly with ever-growing reverence and awe. He shines forth with the self-evidencing light of the noon-day sun. He is too great, too pure, too perfect, to have been invented by any sinful and erring man. His character and claims are confirmed by the sublimest doctrine, the purest ethics, the mightiest miracles, the grandest spiritual kingdom, and are daily and hourly exhibited in the virtues and graces of all who yield to the regenerating and sanctifying power of His spirit and example. The historical Christ meets and satisfies all our intellectual and moral wants. The soul, if left to its noblest impulses and aspirations, instinctively turns to Him, as the needle to the magnet, as the flower to the sun, as the panting heart to the fresh fountain. We are made for Him, and "our heart is without rest until it rests in Him." He commands our assent, He wins our admiration, he overwhelms us with adoring wonder. We cannot look upon Him without spiritual benefit. We cannot think of Him without being elevated above all that is low and mean, encouraged to all that is good and noble. The very hem of His garment is healing to the touch. One hour spent in His communion outweighs all the pleasures of sin. He is the most precious and indispensable gift of a merciful God to a fallen world. In Him are the treasures of true wisdom, in Him the fountain of pardon and peace, in Him the only substantial hope and comfort in this world and that which is to come. Mankind could better afford to lose the whole literature of Greece and Rome, of Germany and France, of England and America, than the story of Jesus of Nazareth. Without Him history is a dreary waste, an inextricable enigma, a chaos of facts without a meaning, connection, or aim; with Him it is a beautiful, harmonious revelation of God, the slow but sure unfolding of a plan of infinite wisdom and love.—*Frances Ridley Havergal*.

A HEART divided between God and mammon, though it may trim the matter so as to appear plausible, will in the day of its discovery be found guilty.

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TORONTO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1880.

FATHER GAVAZZI.

THE well-known Father Gavazzi has lately arrived in America. He comes to raise money for the Free Church of Italy, which has increased nearly fivefold since 1870, having now about 1,800 communicants. He expects to be on this continent for about six months, and no doubt will visit Canada before leaving. In his first address in New York, he said :

"We are getting bravely on in this work. There is no longer any effort made to crush us out. The masses hear us gladly. It is only a few fanatics, and now and then a priest in some distant province who attempts to interfere with us. We are as much under Government protection as the Church of Rome itself. One may read the Bible in the streets of Rome to-day, or sing or speak, without molestation. The constitution of our Church is half Presbyterian and half Independent. We have our General Assembly, which is composed of deputies from the united churches. At the same time, each church is independent of all others in its local affairs. We have 15 ordained ministers, 15 evangelists, 49 elders, 67 deacons, 11 deaconesses, more than 1,800 communicants, 724 Sabbath school scholars, 1,328 pupils in our day and night schools, 21 teachers in the day schools, and 36 churches, large and small, and 35 out-stations, which are more or less frequently visited. Italy gives every promise of yet being numbered among the Protestant nationalities of the globe."

FUNERAL REFORM.

A GOOD many of our contemporaries are at present calling very earnestly and very properly for reform in our funeral customs. At intervals this cry has been raised for a long time past, and yet apparently with no practical result. If only those who can afford the luxury of an expensive funeral were found indulging in it, little or nothing would need to be said on the subject. It would then be a mere matter of taste with which no one had any right to interfere. As a matter of fact, however, it is very different. Many to whom every dollar is at such a season of special value, feel constrained by the tyrant custom to spend far more than they can afford in, as they fancy, doing honour to the dead by an expensive funeral display. Everything from the coffin to the cabs must be in the best style. The fear of being thought shabby is supreme, and all has to be sacrificed to that bugbear. The evils thence arising are not small, and they will never be removed except by those in good circumstances inaugurating at times of bereavement a system of modest inexpensiveness. The poor and struggling do not wish their necessities to be known, while they would be inexpressibly thankful if their well-to-do neighbours would only lead the way and make it respectable *not* to have finely polished rosewood or other coffins, correspondingly mounted, to be on show for a short time, and then to be put out of sight to rot in the earth. The question, however, always comes up "Who will begin?" and Mrs. Grundy is apparently found always too strong for any abstract notions of what is right and proper and Christian in the circumstances.

But while reform in this matter of funeral display may be scarcely to be expected, it is surely not absurd to hope that the time mentioned for such processions leaving the late place of residence of the deceased should be rigidly adhered to. It is a very serious matter to keep people waiting for an hour or more amid all the inclemency of our Canadian winter. It may

indeed be said that everybody understands that the hour mentioned is not meant, and that therefore they need be in no hurry. This, however, gives the whole thing a character of uncertainty, which is exceedingly undesirable. To expect business men, whose time is precious, and others to whom their own health and comfort are at any rate valuable, to hang round, sometimes for the better part of an afternoon, is simply absurd, and we have no doubt, in many cases, funerals are not attended, simply because the time cannot be spared, or the risk implied is too great to be thoughtlessly incurred. Why not mention when religious services are to be held, and when the procession will start for the grave, and let these times be kept rigidly, whoever may be present, and whoever not? Perhaps it is only justice to add that in this respect a good deal of improvement can of late be noticed, but a great deal more remains to be accomplished before things are as they ought to be.

THE WHITE FIELDS OF FRANCE.

BERNHARDT has come to this continent to flaunt her loose and defiant immorality in the face of all that is decent and decorous, and thereby to gain notoriety to her person, and put money in her purse. But she is not the only one whom France has sent at this time to this western world as in some measure her representative. Reveillaud has also come—quite as typically French as the notorious Sara, if not more so—and has come not to amuse and make money, but to ask the sympathy, prayers and help of the Christians of America on behalf of his countrymen, awaking in such numbers, as they are doing, from the strange sad sleep of unbelief and spiritual death. He won't get as much money as the actress will, though surely as representing France in her regeneration he might expect a heartier and more liberal response than the other, who but represents France in her degradation and shame. We in Canada have heard as yet but little of the story which Reveillaud and his coadjutor, Mr. Dodds, have to tell. What we have heard has interested many of us very greatly, and no doubt this interest will take a practical form. Never was there such a time in the history of France for hundreds of years past. We intimated last week that those who might wish to have a hand in this work could send their contributions to Rev. Mr. Parsons or Rev. Mr. King. We used the names of these gentlemen without their authority, because we knew they were actively engaged in getting subscriptions for Reveillaud's Mission. We are now requested to say that it will be more convenient that all contributions should be sent to Rev. Dr. Reid, office of the Presbyterian Church, Toronto. Dr. Reid has kindly consented to forward all such sums to their proper destination, and we shall be happy to afford space for their being acknowledged in THE PRESBYTERIAN.

AQUATICS RUN MAD.

A GOOD deal of discussion has been going off lately over exemptions from taxation. We have gladly taken our part in that discussion, and have protested, as we best might, against such exemptions as in every way bad and indefensible, whether as a matter of equity or policy. In Toronto the war against such exemptions has been specially fierce, the denunciations against their continuance specially vehement. How then must all outsiders stand aghast when they learn that our city fathers, and some of those who have been specially vehement against any one going tax free, have added another to the mighty roll of the "exempt," and solemnly granted our champion sculler and tavern-keeper freedom from all municipal burdens for all time to come? This is turning the whole thing into a painful and ridiculous jest. If we *are* to have privileged exempted classes, we should certainly prefer to see our clergymen and judges, to say nothing of our doctors, painters, sculptors, and even cabinet-makers, on this honour roll rather than those who are good at handling a pair of oars, and at deftly serving out a glass of good lager beer at a tavern bar. We suppose the whole proceeding arises from a grotesque desire to appear classical and to imitate the ancient Greeks in their treatment of the victors at their well-known games. But this is too absurd, and casts over the whole matter an air of such inexpressible whimsicalness as would make it in the last degree ridiculous, were the disastrous moral results not too formidable and too widespread

to allow it to be treated and dismissed in any such fashion. We know of nothing of which the people of Canada in general, and those of Toronto in particular, have more reason to be ashamed than the manner in which they have gone actually crazy over those so-called "glorious sculling victories." It may be all very well for people, in a spirit of banter and contemptuous mock heroic, to speak now and then of "Canada's magnificent triumphs," of "our boy," "our hero," and all that. But when it comes to be in earnest, and when persons who have hitherto passed as tolerably respectable and intelligent, and have been regarded by neighbours and friends as passably sane, give themselves over to pæan singing over a boat race, and wish us all to believe that a fisher-lad who rows well is the greatest man that this generation has ever seen or Canada has ever produced, the farce gets too broad, and the absolute insanity, or mercenariness, of the affair too transparent. The thoughtful, well-weighed words of the "Bystander" for the current month on the subject are so appropriate and so well timed that we gladly transfer a large portion of them to our columns :

"Hanlan has kept himself clear of the tricks and rogueries of his trade, and for having done so he personally deserves applause, though to applaud him for common honesty is to pass the severest censure on his trade. Nor have we forgotten his generous and graceful act in subscribing a hundred dollars to the amateur boat races. But his career has had the disastrous effect of awakening among us the accursed passion for gambling, at once on the largest scale and in the most dangerous form. Only the disreputable will sit down to the dice; but respectable men will bet and even encourage their children in betting. If, on such an occasion as this race, a patriotic feeling is mingled with the love of gambling, so much the worse, the vice by being dignified is made more seductive. Once inoculated, society will be long in working off the disease. It is understood that a sum not short of a hundred thousand dollars was transmitted from Toronto to London to be staked upon this race. Much of this money was risked by young men who could ill have afforded to lose it, and some of whom had they lost it might have been tempted to recover it by dishonesty. We hear of poor people staking all their earnings. Those who bet on Hanlan have won, but those who bet against him have lost; the winners of to-day will spend lightly, and to-morrow they will be the losers. A frank expression of opinion on this subject will not be resented by anyone who has seen how utterly gambling drags down and shatters a young man. Napoleon who, though wicked himself, wanted to be served by trustworthy men, and was a very shrewd judge of character, always avoided those whom he believed to be addicted to gambling, saying that no confidence could ever be placed in them. Managers and employers will find that Napoleon was in the right.

"A secondary evil is the setting up of an utterly false standard of merit. We use the term merit in the most liberal sense, as including every exhibition of qualities that are or may be of any real use to the community. No such qualities are exhibited by shell-rowing which, though a healthy amusement for amateurs, is otherwise of no more use, directly or indirectly, than any other sport or game. The calling of the wherryman, with which these rowing matches were once connected, is as obsolete as that of the running footman or the Thatcher. The steamboat is now 'first oars.' Besides, wherryman rowed in boats capable of carrying passengers, not in shells which would be sunk by a ripple. . . . A professional sporting man begins by deserting useful and honest trades on which his career is a practical slur; and an industrial community which pays him public homage does its utmost to degrade and discourage the pursuits and qualities by which it lives. Intelligence can hardly be displayed in any large degree by the mere repetition of a uniform and almost mechanical motion. We have even known successful scullers who were far from being remarkably fine or healthy specimens of humanity. Yet a man who had performed the most splendid feat of seamanship on our lakes, who as an explorer had opened to us by his enterprise and fortitude some new and valuable territory, who had saved a fellow-citizen's life at the risk of his own, would not receive a thousandth part of the homage which is lavished on a professional sculler. We may hope that the chief seat of the frenzy is Toronto, and that of the money sent to the English betting ring not much belonged to farmers."

We cannot apologize to our readers for the length of this extract, for we are sure that it embodies the sober serious thoughts and final conclusions of every sensible and sane man in the Dominion—the whole crowd of M.P.'s, merchants, lawyers, aldermen, link-bearers, "sports" and "patriots," to the contrary notwithstanding. We suppose that had Toronto walls, a breach would have to be made, in the fashion so well known to every school boy, as no gate would be sufficiently honourable to admit the "conquering hero" to his home—always of course on the understanding that he did not lose a race in the meantime, however honestly doing his best, and thereby forfeit the confidence, by damaging the pockets, of his friends and backers, when, no doubt, fetich-fashion, he would be metaphorically if not literally torn in pieces. Surely, however, it is about time that all this had run its course, and though it may be quite true, as the "Bystander" adds somewhat inconsequentially after its excellent homily, "that there is no use in preaching

against a mania," yet it is worth while to make the attempt, when that mania is, as in this instance, of a kind not at all divorced from responsibility, however much it may be utterly unconnected with reason.

PRINCIPAL GRANT AT THE PAN-PRESBYTERIAN COUNCIL.

[We lose not a single moment in making room for the following communication. It was with some hesitation that we inserted the letter of "Philaethes," but as it was from a very excellent minister of the Church, and indicated a kind of uneasiness expressed to us by others, we felt that upon the whole it was better to give it a place in our columns and have the matter settled at once and for all. Nor can we, with all our respect for a "A Lover of Truth," say that the "violence" of language rests particularly with the correspondent whose paper is here criticized. So far as we have been able to understand "Philaethes," his language is moderate and very far from disrespectful to Dr. Grant. He quotes, more in sorrow than anger, what he and others believed that Dr. Grant said, and draws from the language thus thought to have been used certain evident and unassailable conclusions; but he at the same time adds that he would be profoundly thankful if Dr. Grant should repudiate or even modify both the sentence and the sentiment. Some will more than doubt if the version given by "A Lover of Truth" either shakes the logic of "Philaethes" or improves the position of Dr. Grant. But we very willingly leave the matter as it stands, while most gravely convinced that such a question comes fairly within the scope of a "religious family paper," because a small amount of explanation can sometimes obviate much misapprehension and remove a great deal of uneasy anxiety. We have not thought it desirable to modify any of the language in the letter of "A Lover of Truth," for we have no doubt that it was not meant to be "violent." But it does look somewhat grimly whimsical as a homily on Christian moderation and mildness all the same. If some friends could only see what we *don't* publish they would perhaps find still greater reason for both astonishment and anxiety, and would thank us all the more.—ED. C. P.]

MR. EDITOR,—Anonymous writing on public questions has its advantages, and no one could complain of it so long as personalities are avoided. But when an attack, and a violent attack, is made upon a Christian brother by name, the writer should have the courage to sign his own name like a man, or else, as would probably be far better, let it alone! And I think that letters not complying with a rule so obviously right should not be admitted into a Christian family paper.

The preposterously violent language used by your correspondent, "Philaethes," in his *anonymous* attack on the Rev. Principal Grant should be sufficient in itself for any thoughtful reader. But as there are many who will swallow any amount of misrepresentation, if it be only vehement enough and directed against a good and able man, I think it is worth while to expose the misrepresentation, which is inexcusable in any one who professes to have been *present* at the discussion he undertakes to relate. Instead of giving his people *his own impressions* of the debate, he simply quotes *verbatim* from the very inadequate report of a Philadelphia daily paper! Now every one who knows anything about newspaper reporting, knows how little reliance is to be placed on ordinary newspaper reports in matters requiring special mental training and delicate discrimination. If your correspondent has to fall back on the "Philadelphia Press" for an account of a discussion in which he appears to have been so deeply interested, he might as well have stayed at home, and he might much better have let other people alone.

Now, I happened to be an attentive listener to the discussion in question, and I unhesitatingly assert, and am sure Principal Grant would bear me out in asserting, that the sentence quoted by your correspondent *was not uttered by Principal Grant as it stands*. It is simply the reporter's attempt to condense two or three rapidly spoken sentences into one, and, taken by itself, it does not fairly represent his position. It was *not* uttered "in the face" of anything said about the "duty of the Church to exercise discipline," for it referred, not to *the Church* at all, but to the *individual minister*. It had been said by a representative of a "strictly constructionist" branch of Presbyterians, that whenever a minister found him-

self out of accord with the written formularies of his Church, it was his duty to walk out. Principal Grant, on the other hand, maintained that the living Church of God is at all times the pillar and ground of the truth, that it is she who must be the judge as to what deviations she can or cannot tolerate from her written standards; that a true minister's ordination vows are taken *primarily* to the Great Head of the Church; that so long as he feels himself faithful to these it is his duty to remain at his post until *the Church herself* shall refuse to endorse him any longer as one of her teachers. I do not profess to give one sentence *verbatim*, but I am sure that if Principal Grant shall read this abstract of his position, he will recognize its correctness. But had your correspondent put it thus, in its true light, he would have had no pretext for his declamatory tirade, for it is a position to which I think no reasonable Christian man could take exception. And "in the face" of your correspondent's assertion to the contrary, the burst of applause which followed the close of Principal Grant's brief and stirring speech shewed that he "carried to a remarkable extent the sympathies of the brilliant assembly that listened to" it.

I think your correspondent has acted very unwisely in introducing into your columns any controversy regarding the discussions at the late Council. There exists among the readers of your paper quite as wide a divergence of opinion regarding some unessential matters as there existed in the Council; but why, in the name of all that is Christian, should we waste time and excite irritation by wrangling over them in print? These Presbyterian Councils are instituted for the express purpose of free and open conference, and for the frank expression of different opinions on all subjects affecting the welfare of our Church, and the assembled wisdom of such Councils may be safely left to take care of their own discussions. There were other Canadian delegates to some of whose remarks others of us might be inclined to take serious exception, particularly where very gratuitous criticism of brethren was indulged in without much respect to good taste or Christian courtesy. But the columns of a Christian family newspaper should be occupied with matters more practical and more profitable, matters on which we all profess to agree, but in which we do not all act up to our professions. With a sceptical world watching to say, "See how these Christians *hate* one another," and a heathen world waiting for the manifestation of a more Christ-like spirit in Christ's Church. I do not envy the man who can spend time or strength in denouncing a noble and devoted Christian brother on the ground of a newspaper report, the correctness of which he could so easily have verified by private inquiry before committing himself to a public attack, and I hope, Mr. Editor, that you will *shut down* on all controversy which has not an immediate practical bearing on our Christian work. But, after your correspondent's attack, I think it is but bare justice to say, on behalf of a large proportion of the intelligent Christian *laity* of our Church, for whom I speak more especially, and without disparagement to other able delegates, that we rejoiced that, at the late Council, our Church was so worthily represented by a man so fully combining evangelical earnestness with enlightened Christian liberality, as does Principal Grant—a man who could fearlessly denounce as idolatrous all *untrue bondage* to traditional forms and formularies, however venerable, and who so ably vindicated one of the principles most distinctly laid down in our standards, that "the Word of God which is contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments is the *only* rule to direct us how we may glorify God and enjoy Him forever." Yours (in plain English),

[A LOVER OF TRUTH.

Dec. 6, 1880.

THE Foreign Mission Board (Eastern Division) met at New Glasgow on the 23rd ult. After mature deliberation the Rev. J. W. Macleod was appointed as the fourth missionary to Trinidad. Mr. Macleod will be ordained by the Presbytery of Halifax, and will probably proceed to his field of labour in a few weeks. Of his fitness for the work to which he has been called there is every reason to feel confident. He is an excellent student, an acceptable preacher, a very industrious worker. The Church will follow him with earnest prayer and cordial support. The Trinidad mission is becoming increasingly important, and Mr. Macleod's appointment will serve to strengthen and encourage those who are already in the field.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for November. (Toronto: J. P. Clougher.)—We have often spoken of this magazine, and in language of strong but deserved commendation. The present number is quite on a par with those which have preceded it. Indeed, all Cassell's publications are of an exceedingly attractive character, and all such that they can with safety be introduced into the family circle. We cannot too strongly express our earnest desire for their ever widening circulation. Inferior injurious publications will never be driven out of circulation by mere denunciation. They must be supplanted by others, of a higher and more attractive description. We are astonished that in so many families not at all pinched by poverty so little provision is made for the children in the way of having them supplied with healthy and attractive reading. Parents are heard continually mourning over the fact that their young people are "continually going out." How can they expect anything else? They don't make home attractive. A few dollars a year on such periodicals as this are grudged, and home life is made as dull as it well can be. It is an awful mistake.

PRINCETON REVIEW for November. (New York: 37 Park Row. London, Ont.: Rev. Andrew Kennedy.)—The "Princeton" still holds on its way in this its 56th year, with, we think, all its old vigour and effectiveness. Nobody would even expect that every statement in such a publication would meet with his ready and absolute endorsement, but upon the whole, most of our readers will be inclined to think that the general tone and drift of the "Princeton" are still of the right character and in the right direction. There are some articles in the present number, all very well worthy of a careful perusal. The "Sabbath Question" is discussed very ably by President Seelye of Amherst College. Principal Dawson of Montreal, comes out on his favourite subject, "The Antiquity of Man and the Origin of Species." Professor Fisher of Yale College, dwells upon the "Historical Proofs of Christianity," and President McCosh has a paper on "Criteria of the Various Kinds of Truth." We should think that in the absence of any native publication of the kind, the "Princeton" ought to have a very considerable circulation in Canada, where there is an ever increasing class of people who could appreciate and profit by the discussions found in its pages. The Rev. Andrew Kennedy, London, Ont., still, as for a long time past, continues to act as agent for this and other publications in the western part of Canada.

IMMERSION PROVED TO BE NOT A SCRIPTURAL MODE OF BAPTISM BUT A ROMISH INVENTION, etc. By Rev. W. A. McKay, B.A., Woodstock. Second edition, revised and enlarged, with a "Reviewer Reviewed." (Toronto: C. B. Robinson, 5 Jordan street.)—We are glad to see that Mr. McKay's pamphlet which we noticed some time ago has been in such demand as to warrant the issue of a new and enlarged edition. It certainly "carries the war into Africa," and with a good deal of vigour and plainness of speech. We hope to see this edition also go off very rapidly. We quite sympathize with Mr. McKay in his introductory statement that "Christian baptism in its nature, design, mode, and subjects, does not receive the attention in our Presbyterian pulpits that its importance demands, especially in view of another fact that our people are being constantly assailed as to the scriptural warrant of our practice." It would of course be exceedingly undesirable for our ministers to dwell so much on the subject as Baptists do, but a little more teaching and discussion on the point would be opportune and profitable in no ordinary degree. Many find themselves in perplexity when they come into discussion with Baptist neighbours and acquaintances, and there is no need that they should be. The literature on the subject is both large and varied, but very many have not access to much of this, and these will find the prominent points in the controversy over both the mode and subjects of baptism put very clearly and very pithily in Mr. McKay's vigorous and timely pamphlet.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us to say in reference to a dissent taken in the London Presbytery with reference to the call from Delaware, that the reason was "that Delaware congregation furnished no guarantee of stipend."

CHOICE LITERATURE.

A DAY OF FATE.

BY REV. E. F. KOB.

BOOK FIRST—CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

The old gentleman laughed heartily as he answered, "I have had my say about editors in general. Mother and—I may add—something in thy own manner, has inclined me to except present company. But I'll read thy paper since Emily Warren takes it, so thee'd better beware."

I saw that Adah was regarding me with complacency, and seemed meditating many other questions. I had fully decided, however, that while I should aim to keep her good-will I would not permit her to make life a burden by her inane chatter, or by any sense of proprietorship in me. She must learn, as speedily as possible, that I was not one of her "half-dozen young men."

"Richard Morton, thee can keep thy room, and I hope thee will not find our quiet, homely ways irksome, since we cannot greatly change them," said my hostess.

"I have a request to make, Mrs. Yocomb," I replied earnestly; "and I shall derive no pleasure or benefit from my sojourn with you unless you grant it. It is, that your family life may go on just the same as if I were not here. As surely as I see that I am a source of restraint or extra care and trouble, you will drive me out into the wilderness again. You know why I wish to stay with you," I added meaningly.

"We shall take thee at thy word," said Mrs. Yocomb, with a smile on her lips, but a very wistful, kindly light in her eyes.

"Reuben, tell Richard Morton the truth," said his father. "Would it give thee a great deal of trouble or much pleasure to take Dapple and drive to the village for friend Morton's valise?"

The youth, who was a good natured and manly boy, to whom Sundays passed a trifle slowly, sprang up with such alacrity that I laughed as I said, "No need of words, Reuben, but I owe you a good turn all the same." Then turning to Miss Warren I continued,

"You have been here a week. Will your conscience permit you to teach me a little topography? It will be no worse than reading that newspaper."

"Indeed, I think it might be better. It will be a useful task at least; for, left to yourself, you might get lost, and make Mr Yocomb no end of trouble. Did you not tell me, sir (to our host), that on one occasion you had to hunt some one up with fish-horns, lanterns, etc.?"

"Yes, and he was from New York, too," said Mr Yocomb.

"If I get lost, leave me to my fate. There will be one editor less."

"Very true; but I'd rather have thee on thy paper than on my conscience. So Emily Warren, thee look after him, and shew him the right and proper ways, for I am now too old to enjoy a night hunt, even with the music of fish-horns to cheer us on. I ask thee, Emily, for some of thine instead when thee comes back."

CHAPTER VIII.—THE MYSTERY OF MYSTERIES.

"Is it a task, then, to shew me the right paths and proper ways?" I asked, as we strolled away, leaving Adah looking as if—in her curiosity to know more of the new species, a night editor—she wished Silas Jones in the depths of the Dead Sea.

"That may depend on how apt and interesting a scholar you prove. I'm a teacher, you know, and teaching some of my scholars is drudgery, and others a pleasure."

"So I'm put on my good behaviour at once."

"You ought to be on your good behaviour anyway—this is Sunday."

"Yes, and June. If a man is not good now he'll never be. And yet such people as Mrs. Yocomb—nor will I except present company—make me aware that I am not good—far from it."

"I am glad Mrs. Yocomb made just that impression on you."

"Why?"

"Because it proves you a better man than your words suggest, and, what is of more consequence, a receptive man. I should have little hope for any one who came from a quiet talk with Mrs. Yocomb in a complacent mood or merely disposed to indulge in a few platitudes on the sweetness and quaintness of her character, and some sentimentalities in regard to friends. If the depths of one's nature were not stirred, then I would believe that there were no depths. She is doing me much good, and giving me just the help I needed."

"I can honestly say that she uttered one sentence that did find soundings in such shallow depths as exist in my nature, and I ought to be a better man for it hereafter."

"She may have found you dreadfully bad, Mr. Morton; but I saw from her face that she did not find you shallow. If she had, you would not have touched her so deeply."

"I touched her?"

"Yes. Women understand each other. Something you said—but do you not think I'm seeking to learn what it was that moved her sympathies?"

"Oh, she's kind and sympathetic toward every poor mortal."

"Very true; but she's intensely womanly; and a woman is incapable of a benevolence and sympathy that are measured out by the yard—much to each one, according to the dictates of judgment. You were so fortunate as to move Mrs. Yocomb somewhat, as she touched your feelings; and you have cause to be glad, for she can be a friend that will make life richer."

"I think I can now recall what excited her sympathies, and may tell you some time, that is, if you do not send me away."

"I send you away?"

"Yes, I told you that you were the one obstacle to my remaining."

She looked at me as if perplexed and a little hurt. I did not reply at once, for her countenance was so mobile, so obedient to her thought and feeling, that I watched its varied expressions with an interest that constantly deepened. In contrast to Adah Yocomb's her face was usually pale; and yet it had not the sickly pallor of ill-health, but the clear, transparent complexion that is between the brunette and the blonde. Her eyes were full, and the impress of largeness, when she looked directly at you, was increased by a peculiar outward curve of their long lashes. Whether her eyes could be called blue I could not yet decide, and they seemed to darken and grow a little cold as she now looked at me; but she merely said, quietly,

"I do not understand you."

"This was your chosen resting place for the summer, was it not, Miss Warren?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, what right have I, an entire stranger, to come blundering along like a June beetle and disturb your rest? You did not look forward to associations with night editors and like disreputable people when you chose this sheltered nook of the world, and nestled under Mrs. Yocomb's wing. You have the prior right here."

As I spoke, her face so changed that it reminded me of the morning of this eventful day when I first looked out upon its brightness, and as I ceased her laugh rang out heartily.

"So, after all, your fate is in my hands."

"It is. You have pre-empted this claim."

"Suppose I am a little non-committal, and should say, You may spend the evening, you may stay till to-morrow; would you be content?"

"No, indeed, but I would have to submit."

"Well, this is rich. Who ever heard of an editor—and the shrewd, alert, night editor at that—in such a dilemma! Do you realize what an unwise step you have taken? Mr. Yocomb justly complimented your shrewdness in getting Mrs. Yocomb on your side, and having won her over, you were safe, and might have remained in this Eden as long as you chose. Now you place it within the power—the caprice even—of an utter stranger to send you out into the wilderness again."

I said, with a smile, "I am satisfied that you differ from your mother Eve in one respect."

"Ah! in what respect?"

"You are not the kind of woman that causes banishment from Eden."

"You know very little about me, Mr. Morton."

"I know that."

She smiled and looked pleased in spite of herself.

"I think I'll let you stay till—to-morrow," she said, with an arch side glance; then added, with a laugh, "What nonsense we are talking! As if you had not as good a right to be here as I have."

"I beg your pardon. I spoke in downright sincerity. You found this quiet place first. In a large hotel, all kinds of people can meet almost as they do on Broadway; but here we must dwell together as one family, and I feel that I have no right to force on you any association without your leave, especially as you are here alone. In a certain sense I introduce myself, and compel you to meet me socially without your permission. You may have formed a very different plan for your summer's rest."

"It is rather rare for a music-teacher to receive so much consideration. It bewilders me a little."

"Pardon me. I soon discovered that you possessed woman's highest rank."

"Indeed! Am I a princess in disguise?"

"You are more than many princesses have been—a lady. And, as I said before, you are here alone."

She turned and looked at me intently, and I felt that if I had not been sincere she would have known it. It was a peculiar and, I eventually learned, a characteristic act. I am now inclined to think that she saw the precise attitude of my mind and feeling toward her; but my awakening interest was as far removed from curiosity as our natural desire to have a melody completed, the opening strains of which are captivating.

Her face quickly lost its aspect of grave scrutiny, and she looked away, with a slight accession of colour.

"Do you want to stay very much?" she asked.

"Miss Warren," I exclaimed, and my expression must have been eager and glad, "you looked at me then as you would at a doubtful stranger, and your glance was searching. You looked as only a woman can—as one who would see her way rather than reason it out. Now tell me in sincerity what you saw."

"You know from my manner what I saw," she said, smiling and blushing slightly.

"No, I only hoped; I have not a woman's eyesight."

She bit her lip, contracted her wide, low brow for a moment, then turned and said frankly,

"I did not mean to be rude in my rather direct glance. Even though a music-teacher, I have had compliments before, and I have usually found them as empty and insincere as the people who employed them. I am somewhat alone in the world, Mr. Morton, and I belong to that class of timid and rather helpless creatures whose safety lies in their readiness to run to cover. I have found truth the best cover for me, situated as I am. I aim to be just what I seem—neither more nor less; and I am very much afraid of people who do not speak the truth, especially when they are disposed to say nice things."

"And you saw?"

"I saw that had as you are, I could trust you," she said, laughing; "a fact that I was glad to learn since you are so bent on forcing your society on us all for a time."

"Thank Heaven!" I exclaimed, "I thought yesterday that I was a bankrupt, but I must have a little of the man left in me to have passed this ordeal. Had I seen distrust in your eyes and consequent reserve in your manner, I should have been sorely wounded."

"No," she replied, shaking her head, "when a man's

character is such as to excite distrust, he could not be so sorely wounded as you suggest."

"I am not sure of that," I said. "I think a man may know himself to be weak and wretched, and yet suffer greatly from such consciousness."

"Why should he weakly suffer? Why not simply do right? I can endure a certain amount of honest wickedness, but there is a phase of moral weakness that I detest," and for a moment her face wore an aspect that would have made any one wronging her tremble, for it was pure, strong, and almost severe.

"I do believe," I said, "that men are more merciful to the foibles of humanity than women."

"You are more tolerant, perhaps. Ah! there's Dapple," and she ran to meet the spirited horse that was coming from the farmyard. Reuben, driving, sat confidently in his light open wagon, and his face indicated that he and the beautiful animal he could scarcely restrain shared equality in their enjoyment of young, healthful life. I was alarmed to see Miss Warren run forward, since at the moment Dapple was pawing the air. A second later she was patting his arched neck and rubbing her cheek against his nose. He looked as if he liked it. Well he might.

"Oh, Reuben," she cried, "I envy you. I haven't seen a horse in town that could compare with Dapple."

The young fellow was fairly radiant as he drove away.

She looked after him wistfully, and drew a long sigh.

"Ah!" she said, "they do me good after my city life. There's life for you, Mr. Morton—full, overflowing, innocent life—in the boy and in the horse. Existence, motion, is to them happiness. It seems a pity that both must grow old and weary! My hand fairly tingles yet from my touch of Dapple's neck, he was so alive with spirit. What is it that animated that great mass of flesh and blood, bone and sinew, making him so strong, yet so gentle? At a blow he would have dashed everything to pieces, but he is as sensitive to kindness as I am. I sometimes half think that Dapple has as good a right to a soul as I have. Perhaps you are inclined toward Turkish philosophy, and think so too."

"I should be well content to go to the same heaven that receives you and Dapple. You are very fearless, Miss Warren, thus to approach a rearing horse."

Her answer was a slight scream, and she caught my arm as for protection. At the moment I spoke a sudden turning in the lane brought us face to face with a large matronly cow that was quietly ruminating, and switching away the flies. She turned upon us her large, mild, "Junco-like eyes, in which one might imagine a faint expression of surprise, but nothing more."

My companion was trembling, and she said hurriedly,

"Please let us turn back, or go some other way."

"Why, Miss Warren," I exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

"That dreadful cow! Cows are my terror."

I laughed outright as I said, "Now is the time for me to display courage, and prove that an editor can be the knight-errant of the age. Upon my soul, Miss Warren, I shall protect you whatever horn of this dilemma I may be impaled upon. Madam, by your leave, we must pass this way."

At my approach the "dreadful cow" turned and ran down the lane to the pasture field, at a gait peculiarly feminine.

"Now you know what it is to have a protector," I said, returning.

"I'm glad you're not afraid of cows," she replied complacently. "I shall never get over it. They are my terror."

"There is one other beast," I said, "that I am sure would inspire you with equal dread."

"I know you are going to say a mouse. Well, it may seem very silly to you, but I can't help it. I'm glad I wasn't afraid of Dapple, for you now can think me a coward only in streaks."

"It does appear to me irresistibly funny that you, who, alone and single-handed, have mastered this great world so that it is under your foot, should have quailed before that inoffensive cow, which is as harmless as the milk she gives."

"A woman, Mr. Morton, is the mystery of mysteries—the one problem of the world that will never be solved. We even do not understand ourselves."

"For which truth I am devoutly thankful. I imagine that instead of a week, as Mr. Yocomb said, it would require a lifetime to get acquainted with some women. I wish that my mother had lived. I'm sure that she would have been a continuous revelation to me. I know that she had a great deal of sorrow, and yet my most distinct recollection of her is her laugh. No earthly sound ever had for me so much meaning as her laugh. I think she laughed when other people would have cried. There's a tone in your laugh that has recalled to me my mother again and again this afternoon."

"I hope it is not a source of pain," she said gently.

"Far from it," I replied. "Memories of my mother give me pleasure, but I rarely meet with one to whom I would even think of mentioning her name."

"I do not remember my mother," she said sadly.

"Come," I resumed hastily, "you admit that you have been dull and lonely to-day. Look at the magnificent glow in the west. So assuredly ended in brightness the lives of those we loved, however clouded their day may have been at times. This June evening, so full of glad sounds, is not the time for sad thoughts. Listen to the robins, to that saucy oriole yonder on the swaying elm-branch. Beyond all, hear that thrush. Can you imagine a more delicious refinement of sound? Let us give way to sadness when we must, and escape from it when we can. I would prefer to continue up this shady lane, but it may prove too shadowy, and so colour our thoughts. Suppose we return to the farmyard, where Mr. Yocomb is feeding the chickens, and then look through the old garden together. You are a country woman, for you have been here a week; and so I shall expect you to name and explain everything. At any rate you shall not be blue any more to-day if I can prevent it. You

see I am trying to reward your self-sacrifice in letting me stay till to-morrow."

"You are so considerate that I may let you remain a little longer."

"What is that fable about the camel? If he once gets his head in—"

"He next puts his foot in it, is the sequel, perhaps," she replied, with the laugh that was becoming to me like a refrain of music that I could not hear too often.

(To be continued.)

HAVING EYES, THEY SAW NOT.

In the carriage with me were two American girls with their father and mother—people of the class which has lately made too much money suddenly, and does not know what to do with it; and these two girls, of about fifteen and eighteen, had evidently been indulged in everything (since they had the means) which western civilization could imagine. And here they were, specimens of the utmost which the money and invention of the nineteenth century could produce in maidenhood—children of its most progressive race, enjoying the full advantages of political liberty, of enlightened philosophical education, of cheap, pilfered literature, and of luxury at any cost. Whatever money, machinery, or freedom of thought could do for these two children, had been done. No superstition had deceived, no restraint degraded them:—types, they could not but be, of maidenly wisdom and felicity as conceived by the forwardist intellects of our time.

And they were travelling through a district which, if any in the world, should touch the hearts and delight the eyes of young girls. Between Venice and Verona! Portia's villa perhaps in sight upon the Brenta, Juliet's tomb to be visited in the evening—blue against the southern sky, the hills of Petrarch's home. Exquisite midsummer sunshine, with low rays, glanced through the vine leaves; all the Alps were clear, from the Lake of Garda to Cadore, and to farthest Tyrol. What a princess's chamber this, if these are princesses, and what dreams might they not dream therein!

But the two American girls were neither princesses, nor seers, nor dreamers. By infinite self-indulgence, they had reduced themselves simply in two pieces of white putty that could feel pain. The flies and the dust stuck to them as to clay, and they perceived, between Venice and Verona, nothing but the flies and the dust. They pulled down the blinds the moment they entered the carriage, and then sprawled, and writhed, and tossed among the cushions of it, in vain contest, during the whole fifty miles, with every miserable sensation of bodily affliction that could make time intolerable. They were dressed in thin white frocks, coming vaguely open at the backs as they stretched or wriggled; they had French novels, lemons, and lumps of sugar, to beguile their state with; and the novels hanging together by the end of string that had once stung them, or adhering at the corners in densely bruised dog's ears, out of which the girls, wetting their fingers, occasionally extricated a glaucous leaf. From time to time they cut a lemon open, ground a lump of sugar backwards and forwards over it until every fibre was in a treacly pulp, and sucked the pulp, and gnawed the white skin into leathery strings, for the sake of its bitter. Only one sentence was exchanged, in the fifty miles, on the subject of things outside the carriage (the Alps being once visible from a station where they had drawn up the blinds).

"Don't those snow caps make you cool?"

"No—I wish they did."

And so they went their way, with sealed eyes and tormented limbs, their numbered miles of pain.—John Ruskin.

CHURCH TOWERS.

The towers of Cologne Cathedral are now the highest in the world, the height they have attained being 5 feet higher than the tower of St. Nicholas' Church in Hamburg, which has hitherto been the highest edifice. Ultimately they will be 51 feet 10 inches higher. The "Cologne Gazette" gives the following as the heights of the chief high buildings in the world: Towers of Cologne Cathedral, 524 feet 11 inches from the pavement of the cloisters, or 515 feet 1 inch from the floor of the church; tower of St. Nicholas, at Hamburg, 473 feet 1 inch; cupola of St. Peter's Rome, 469 feet 2 inches; cathedral spire at Strasburg, 465 feet 11 inches; Pyramid of Cheops, 449 feet 5 inches; tower of St. Stephen's, Vienna, 443 feet 10 inches; tower of St. Martin's, Landshut, 434 feet 8 inches; cathedral spire at Freiburg, 410 feet 1 inch; cathedral of Antwerp, 404 feet 1 inch; cathedral of Florence, 390 feet 5 inches; St. Paul's, London, 365 feet 1 inch; ridge tiles of Cologne Cathedral, 360 feet 3 inches; cathedral tower at Magdeburg, 339 feet 11 inches; tower of the new Votive Church at Vienna, 314 feet 11 inches; tower of the Rath-haus at Berlin, 288 feet 8 inches; towers of Notre Dame, at Paris, 232 feet 11 inches.

CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE.

There is nothing so fruitful of good as a Christian life. A Christian may be unable to preach, or even to offer a prayer in a public place; but can, by a godly walk and conversation, shew forth Christ in his life. Such a life leaves its imprint upon society, the family, and the church. The first impulses of young persons to acknowledge Christ often come from it. The habits, tastes and aims of many can be directly traced to it, especially when such influence is exerted in the home circle, by a wise and faithful father or mother. How often can we trace success or failure in life to good or bad influences. Parents often fail in the training of their children because they do not rise to a proper conception of their responsibilities until they are brought to see habits formed and desires growing in their children which, unless restrained and corrected, may bring them to shame and disgrace.

This failure to exert a good influence may work disaster to the community in which we live. We have not only

church and family responsibilities, but civil obligations. A nation is made up of individuals, and, like the individual, has a character which may be determined in the same way, by the estimate in which he is held among others. If, in a community, a majority, or a large number of individual members exert a highly moral influence, the public sentiment of that community is so evenly divided as to put it in our power to turn the scales, and establish the influence of society for good or ill report.

GROWTH IN GIVING.

Is thy cruse of comfort filling?
Rise and shate it with another,
And through all the years of famine
It shall serve thee and thy brother.
Love divine shall fill thy storehouse
Or the hand of still renew,
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving;
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds which mildew in the garner,
Scattered fall with good the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden,
God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains,
Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
And together both shall glow.
Art thou stricken in life's battle?
Many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balms,
And thy balm shall heal thine own.

Is thy heart a well left empty?
None but God its void can fill,
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain
Can its ceaseless longings still.
Is thy heart a living power?
Self-entwined its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving,
And by serving love will grow.—Exchange.

GOOD WORDS.

Few persons realize how much happiness may be promoted by a few words of cheer spoken in moments of despondency; by words of encouragement in seasons of difficulty; by words of commendation when obstacles have been overcome by efforts and perseverance.

Words fitly spoken often sink so deep into the mind and the heart of the person to whom they are addressed, that they remain a fixed, precious, and often recurring memory—a continuous sunshine lighting up years, perhaps, after the lips that have uttered them are sealed in death.

A whole life has been changed—exalted, expanded and illuminated—by a single expression of approval, falling timely upon a sensitive and ambitious nature.

Words of cheer cost nothing to the speaker. On the contrary, they are to him as well as to the hearer a source of great happiness to be had for the mere effort of uttering them. The habit of speaking such words, at appropriate times, is easily acquired, while at the same time it is of so much importance that it should be sedulously cultivated by all.

SPEAKING of domestic economy, it has been asserted that "the more intelligent a woman becomes, other things being equal, the more judiciously she will manage her domestic concerns." And we add that the more knowledge a woman possesses of the great principles of moral, philosophy, and human happiness, the more important she will become to her husband, and bear the name of a "good house-keeper." It is only those who have been superficially educated, or instructed only in showy accomplishments, who despise the ordinary duties of life as beneath their notice. Such persons have not sufficient clearness to see that "domestic economy" includes everything which makes people love home and be happy there.

BISHOP STEVENS, of the Episcopal Church in the United States, speaks thus of the Confessional:—"To sum up all I would say that individually the confessional destroys personal responsibility, endangers personal purity, and substitutes a wrong standard of personal holiness. Socially, the confessional introduces into domestic life a grave and blistering evil, which, as left its corrodings in many hearts and homes. Politically, the confessional is dangerous, as all history tells us, wherever it gains ascendancy in the nation. Theologically, the confessional is not only not warranted by the Bible, but its whole underlying principles are condemned and rebuked by the Old Testament and the New, by the Thirty-nine Articles, and the book of Common Prayer."

IT is not true that the world is smooth. Therefore do not teach your boys that they will find it so. If you do, they will have to learn the contrary by bitter experience. Tell them frankly that the pathway of life to active men, to such as faithfully serve themselves and their kind, is rough, and rugged, and thorny. Then they will not be disappointed. But inculcate with this correct information lessons of physical and moral courage. Instruct them that he who shrinks from the encounter is a coward, while he who bravely does his duty, under all circumstances, in spite of opposition—sometimes, it may be, in the face of denunciation and obloquy—is a true hero. He has a sufficient reward, and of that he is always certain, in the mere consciousness of doing right. This will always buoy him up and support him in his darkest hours.

MISSION NOTES.

THE American Board's missionary expedition for Bihé, Africa, under the lead of Dr. Bagster, has sailed from Lubon for Benjuela.

IN memory of the work accomplished by Mr. Saker, the English Baptist missionary in Cameron's River, King Aqua, heartily seconded by his people, made a law that no work should be done on Sunday. He urges all his people to attend worship on that day.

WAR and rum are among the very worst enemies of missions in Africa. The Rev. J. B. Wood, of the Church Missionary Society, writing from Lagos, says: "The war in the interior drags on its weary length and there is no prospect of its reaching a termination." The situation at Ibadan was very bad, and, he adds, "rum and gin are being poured into this country in enormous quantities."

THE rapidity with which heathenism is being overthrown in the South Seas is wonderful. Some fresh illustrations are given of this in the outlying islands of the Gilbert Group. The mission vessel of the London Society, the 'John Williams,' has made a tour among them, and the results are reported in the November number of the London "Missionary Chronicle." Work in the islands mentioned was begun only eight years ago, and the changes described have all taken place in that period. In Nanumaga not an idol, or altar, or heathen temple is to be seen. Formerly the island was full of idols, and there was an altar in every home. Formerly the grown people were almost, and the children quite, naked. Now they appear in decent clothes, and nearly one-third of the population are church members. In Nanumea similar changes have been wrought. The people are decently clothed, and there are eighty scholars learning to read, to write, and to cipher. In Nukunan twenty stone idols have been destroyed in the past year, and there is not so much drunkenness. Every village in Onotoa has its place of Christian worship, and idols have utterly disappeared. In Tamana, which two years ago was almost depopulated, the people have shewn great liberality. They raised last year \$350 for their pastor and \$334 for the Society and other purposes.

WHEN we had our last information, August 12th, about the Victoria Nyanza Mission of the Church Society, there had been a revival of the old heathen religion, and Mtesa had been visited by *lubare*, or spirits of the Lake, and had rejected both Christianity and Mohammedanism for the religion of his fathers. It was hoped that this reversion would be of short duration, and further information has been looked for with considerable anxiety. According to the "Church Missionary Intelligencer" of November, another batch of letters has been received from the missionaries, extending from February 21st to August 14th. Mr. Mackay wrote, February 21st, that Mr. Litchfield was about to go north to Lado, to consult Dr. Emin Bey in regard to his health. Subsequent letters shew that Mr. Litchfield was turned back, before he reached Lado, by the King of Unyoro, who had captured Mruli, and was compelled to go south to Mpwapwa, to consult Dr. Baxter. Mr. Mackay goes on to say that all was quiet at Rubaga and nothing more was heard about the *lubare*. Some of those who had been most unfriendly were again on good terms with the missionaries. Mtesa himself was urging his chiefs to learn to read, and try to prepare themselves for the world to come. The missionaries had promised to build him a boat for use on the lake. A letter from Mr. Pearson, dated March 5th, states that the Waganda have been beaten by the Wasoga and the Wanuma, and are losing their prestige, making the possibility of a raid on Uganda by no means remote. Mr. Litchfield wrote from Uyu, June 7th, where he had arrived, on his way to Mpwapwa. He met at Kagei, at the south of the Lake, a party of Roman Catholic priests, all sick, who were on their way to the west coast of the lake, to found a mission. Mr. Coplestone, who is in charge of the station at Uyu, welcomed Mr. Litchfield, having been very sick himself, and Mr. L. decided not to go on to Mpwapwa, but try the effects of living at Uyu. He writes that he is broken down in health; but he does not want to be a further charge to the Society and hopes he may improve at Uyu, where he desires to be allowed to remain, in preference to Uganda. Speaking of the methods of the Catholic missionaries in Uganda, Mr. Litchfield says that one of them, M. Barbot, who was his travelling companion for some time, told him that their plan is to buy up (!) little boys and girls and educate them. Mr. Mackay, who accompanied Mr. Litchfield to Uyu, wrote from that place, June 9th, that he was resolved to hold on in Uganda, whither he was to return in a few days, at all hazards. The Roman Catholics were to establish missions in Karague and Buzongoro. They were heartily tired of Uganda. Mr. Mackay adds that the correct pronunciation of Mtesa's country is Buganda, and, instead of Rubaga (capital), he writes Kibuga. The "Intelligencer" editorially referring to the general character of the news from Uganda, says the missionaries have been wont to write fully and freely of the unfavourable side of affairs; but there is a bright side, of which a glimpse is given in Mr. Litchfield's letter, where he says: "I have invariably found the poor people ready and eager to listen to the story of the cross. Numbers of instances rise up before me, as I write, when the hearers have testified their astonishment and joy at the love of Jesus in dying for them." The editor adds: "It does not follow that we shall under all circumstances be able" to maintain the mission in Uganda; but, regarding the reverses as but temporary, the Society feels encouraged to hope for better things. Although Mtesa's decree against Christianity has not yet been recalled, there is no actual bar in the way of the missionaries.

YOUNG ladies can add a variety of pretty and useful articles to their personal effects, by spending a few hours in canvassing for THE PRESBYTERIAN. It is your own Church paper, and you can work for it as you would not feel inclined to work for any other journal. Read the Premium List in this issue, decide what you would like, and go to work. You are sure to succeed.

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

WE would call the attention of Clerks of Presbyteries to the notice which appears in this issue from the Convener of the General Assembly's Committee on Statistics.

THE Rev. D. L. McCrae, of St. Matthew's Church, Osnabruck, was lately presented by the Pleasant Valley portion of his charge with a splendid fur coat, accompanied by an affectionate address. This is another of the many valuable gifts of which Mr. McCrae has been the recipient since his settlement in Osnabruck.

THE Metaphysical and Literary Society of Knox College held a public meeting in the College Convocation Hall last Friday evening. The large attendance of friends gave ample proof that their interest in the prosperity of the Society is by no means abating. The Rev. Dr. Proudfoot, who presided on the occasion, received a hearty greeting from the students. After a few appropriate remarks he introduced the programme for the evening, which consisted of an essay by Mr. D. James, a reading by Mr. J. Builder, B.A., several musical selections by the Glee Club, and a discussion on the question "Has the connection which has existed between England and Ireland been detrimental upon the whole to the interests of the latter country?" Messrs. C. H. Cooke, B.A., and T. Davidson, B.A., supported the affirmative, and Messrs. Jno. Neil, B.A., and J. Ballantyne, B.A., the negative. The chairman having reviewed the arguments decided in favour of the affirmative. All the parts of the programme were executed in a manner which elicited frequent applause from the audience. On motion, the thanks of the Society were tendered to the ladies and gentlemen present, and also to the reverend chairman, enthusiastic cheers echoing the hope expressed by the President of the Society that soon he might preside as *Professor Proudfoot*, of Knox College.

A VERY successful Sabbath School Conference under the auspices of the Presbytery of Peterborough was held in the Presbyterian church, Warkworth, on the 16th and 17th of November. The Rev. J. W. Smith, of Grafton, was unanimously voted into the chair. There was a large attendance of parents and teachers, and various persons interested in Sabbath school work. In the afternoon and evenings the church was crowded. The principal subjects discussed were the following: "How Parents may Help the Sabbath School," opened by the Rev. J. W. Smith, of Grafton; "Methods of Teaching," by Mr. Harcourt, Warkworth; "Imitation of Christ in our Teaching," by Rev. P. Duncan, Colborne; "Art of Questioning and Illustrating," by Mr. Bartlett, Warkworth; "The Sphere of the Sabbath School," by Rev. F. R. Beattie, M.A., Baltimore; "Sabbath School Libraries and Finances," by Mr. Douglas, Norham; "Use of Maps, Blackboards, etc.," by Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, M.A., Norwood; "The Teacher's Motives and Aims," by Rev. A. Doxsee, Warkworth; "Conversion of Children and their Training for Christian Work," by Rev. D. Sutherland, M.A., Warkworth. There was also a mass meeting of children held, who were addressed in an exceedingly interesting and happy manner by Rev. Messrs. Fotheringham and Beattie. The choir rendered effective service on both days of the Conference.

WE give the following from the *Sarnia "Observer"* for the benefit of all our church friends who contemplate having bazaars this season: "The ladies of St. Andrew's Church under whose auspices and management the bazaar was held in the town hall last week, are to be congratulated upon the success which attended their undertaking. The bazaar opened on Tuesday evening and closed at nine o'clock last night, when the articles remaining unsold were disposed of at auction. The bazaar was generously patronized throughout, the sales up to three o'clock yesterday afternoon having aggregated the handsome sum of \$1,300. This gratifying result was not alone due to the number and beauty of the articles offered for sale—and they certainly were both numerous and beautiful—but we believe is largely to be attributed to the thoroughly honest and business-like way in which the bazaar was conducted. The articles were sold at moderate prices; there was no haggling or importuning to buy, and those who purchased went away with the feeling that they had got their money's worth, instead of having made a donation under the flimsy

guise of a commercial transaction. The refreshments served at the tables were dispensed upon the same principle. The ladies have not only given the building fund of the church a substantial lift, but they have the satisfaction of having done so without resorting to means which have given the average church bazaar the rather doubtful reputation it possesses as a method of raising funds for religious purposes."

ON the evening of Thursday, the 2nd inst., the Rev. A. B. Mackay, of Crescent street Church, Montreal, delivered a lecture at the Y. M. C. A. rooms in that city on "The Book and the Man." He said there is a Book different from all other books, that is the Bible; and there is a Man different from all other men, the Lord Jesus Christ. The Book and the Man go together, and cannot be separated; the former testifies of the latter; they both reveal God, and consequently have the same name, the "Word of God." The lecturer said there were three questions he had always been able to answer "yes" to—Is there a God? Can that God speak? Has he spoken? He has revealed Himself by means of the Book and by the Lord Jesus Christ—the latter the incarnate, the former the written, Word. They have not only the same name but the same origin. It is no more true that the Bible is the product of the human brain than that Jesus Christ had a human father. It had, it is true, an earthly connection, just as Jesus was born of the Virgin. Not one sentence or fact is in the Bible but it is there according to the will of God; that is what we mean by the inspiration of Scripture. Without inspiration—nay, without *verbal* inspiration—we have not a foot to stand upon. The angel said to Mary, "The power of the Highest shall overshadow thee;" the result was the incarnate Word. The Bible is similarly the result of a power acting upon men from the outside. Nothing can be clearer than that the prophets did not deliver their own thought, but they were acted upon by a power they could not resist. Like the Lord Jesus the Bible grew gradually; but it was perfect from the first, and the Book of Genesis contains all the principles which were developed afterward. The perfect unity and agreement of its various parts, written at such different times and in such different places, prove it to be the "Word of the Lord which endureth forever."

MOUNTAIN CITY is the main point in the municipality of South Dufferin, Manitoba, in section 24, township 2, range 6, west, a beautiful site for a town. It is rising rapidly into importance, and only needs railway connection to become the centre of a large trade. There has been a preaching station in connection with the Presbyterian Church in this neighbourhood for the last four years. On Sabbath, November, 14th, a place of worship was opened in the village, the first "house of God" in all the extensive Pembina Mountain region. This church is 21 x 36 feet, walls 16 feet, oak frame and pine finish outside and inside, costing about from \$1,200 to \$1,500 when painted and seated. The owner of the town site, Mr. Bradley, of Her Majesty's Customs, Emerson, donated to the trustees ten town lots, worth at least \$300, besides other marks of good-will, he himself belonging to the Church of England. There were three services on the opening Sabbath, Presbyterian in the morning, Canada Methodist in the afternoon, and Church of England in the evening. On the Monday evening following there was the opening soiree at which addresses were delivered by Revs. Mr. Cameron (Presbyterian), Mr. Bell (Canada Methodist), and Mr. Wilson (Church of England). The cause is prospering in this district, and there is much reason to be thankful that, in spite of many difficulties, the Presbyterians have now a "home of their own" in which to worship their own God and their fathers' God. The missionary field of labour includes six townships covering an area of 216 square miles, about one-fifth part of what it was originally. Four Presbyterian ministers are now on duty where one alone did the work. Westward Ho! is the cry ecclesiastically as well as otherwise. Fifty copies of the "Record" are distributed monthly, and it is hoped that next year a good number will take THE PRESBYTERIAN. The different branches of the Church of Christ work in harmony together, and all who profess and call themselves Christians encourage each other in their Master's work. This was shewn in the carrying of the "Scott Act" in Marquette, of which South Dufferin is a small part, Marquette, itself, including more than the half of Manitoba. It will help wonderfully

to advance Christ's cause to prevent the liquor traffic making any inroads in the district.

PRESBYTERY OF MAITLAND.—This Presbytery met on the 18th November, in Chalmers' Church, Kincardine township, and inducted the Rev. Charles Cameron as minister in that congregation. The Rev. J. A. Anderson, of Whitechurch, preached an appropriate sermon. Rev. A. F. McQueen addressed the minister, and Rev. J. L. Murray, M.A., the people. At the close of the service Mr. Cameron received a very cordial welcome from his people, and the managers, in a praiseworthy manner, paid their minister the quarter or half-year's stipend in advance. Altogether the settlement bids fair to be a very happy one.

TO CLERKS OF PRESBYTERIES.

REQUEST BY THE CONVENER OF THE COMMITTEE ON STATISTICS.

The Rev. Mr. Torrance, Guelph, Ont., Convener of General Assembly's Committee on Statistics, desires us to state that, on the 2nd of December, he mailed to each Clerk of Presbytery throughout the Church, a parcel of blank forms for congregational returns, sufficient to supply one to every congregation (vacant or settled) and mission station in his bounds, so far as could be ascertained from the rolls of Presbyteries in the appendix to the minutes of Assembly. Should any parcel fail to reach its proper destination, or contain an inadequate supply, he would feel obliged if advised at once to that effect. He respectfully asks Clerks to address copies of the blanks to congregations and mission stations, and where more than one form a pastoral charge or group of mission stations, that the name of each be written on the form before being issued by the Clerk, so that each one may receive a separate copy, and thus secure fuller returns.

It is the earnest desire of the Committee to procure full and accurate reports from the congregations and stations, so that the real position and strength of the Presbyterian Church in Canada may be ascertained as closely as possible.

As the General Assembly has been pleased to enjoin the Committee to print their report for next meeting, it will be impossible to embody any returns that have not been in the hands of the Convener by the 1st of May. Presbytery Clerks would greatly oblige by endeavouring to procure and forward their returns promptly.

MONTREAL COLLEGE.

From unusual pressure upon our space we were last week unable to give the speech of Rev. Principal McVicar at the Foreign Missionary meeting, held in Erskine church, Montreal, on the 25th ult. It will also be noticed that in the hurry of the moment we did less than justice to the munificence of Mr. Morrice's gift. We are almost pleased that such was the case, as it leads us to return to the matter and to point out how far this donation exceeds any as yet given by a single individual in the Presbyterian Church in Canada, whether for theological education or for any other of our Church schemes.

We understand that the movement indicated in Principal McVicar's speech in reference to endowment has been already commenced, and that there is every prospect of its being brought speedily to a successful issue. We may add that the proposed buildings are not to be an extension of the present College, but to be erected on an adjoining lot properly connected, and be ready for use next session. We have but to repeat our hope that this very noble and notable proceeding on the part of Mr. Morrice will lead some who are equally able to go and do likewise:

Principal McVicar, Presbyterian College, Montreal, said: It would be wrong for me at this late hour to make a speech, but I wish to say a sentence or two respecting Christian work in our city. We have not done all we should or all we intend to do. Some, however, of our generous Christian men and women have turned special attention to the poor, and wisely and well they have done their work, as our charitable institutions shew. Some have with large-hearted liberality and tender sympathy made lasting provision for those who in God's mysterious providence are speechless, and only plead for themselves by their silence. Others have thought of secular education, and have poured out their means for the advancement of science and the strengthening of our noble university. I thank God for all this and for the fact that Presbyterians whom I might name, and whom you all know and honour, have shewn their public spirit and catholic liberality in a very prominent measure in these directions. But it gives me unmingled pleasure to-night to be able to announce an act of munificence in behalf of the direct work of our Church which stands alone in the history of Canada—something which will tell with unlimited power for good in our missions at home and abroad, and our Church

work in all its parts—all of which are equally dear to our hearts—I refer to a deed that will justly ensure in grateful and lasting remembrance the name of one highly esteemed among us as elsewhere for his business energy, and Christian work, and liberality; a deed the beneficent and religious influence of which will last long after our generation and generations yet to come have passed into eternity, as long as the Church of God lives and her history endures. What is this deed? What good news have I to bring? You remember that at the first of our missionary meetings information was given as to the College over which I preside. The chairman of that meeting, who is the chairman of our College Board, made a lucid, frank and earnest statement of his views respecting the institution. Since then he addressed to me a letter, which, after much persuasion on my part and on the part of others, he has reluctantly consented to allow me to make public. I felt that I must get liberty to read it to-night, as giving practical and telling expression to the deep interest and strong confidence he has always shewn in our College. Here is the letter:

"MY DEAR PRINCIPAL McVICAR,—You are aware that the work of our College has occupied my serious attention for some time, and has caused me considerable anxiety as to placing it, as regards equipment and endowment, on a more satisfactory basis than at present.

"The matter has pressed on my mind more particularly of late, and on looking over the general work of our Church, especially in connection with our mission fields so much in need of service, and the fact that that assistance must come through our colleges, and my earnest wish that our Church should continue to have a thoroughly educated ministry, I have resolved, after mature consideration of the whole matter, to erect for the purposes of the College a convocation hall and suitable library buildings, with a much needed new dining hall, and twenty-five or thirty additional dormitories for the use of students.

"I will have the necessary plans prepared, and submit them, at an early date, for the approval of the Board.

"The matter of the endowment I must leave in the hands of other friends of the College, who, I sincerely trust, will help us in the good work.

"This outlay will cause me considerable personal sacrifice, but I make it with pleasure, believing it to be of God.

"Yours faithfully,

"DAVID MORRICE."

I venture to suggest that the Board will unanimously designate the buildings referred to in this letter, the Morrice Halls and Library. I trust they may be ready for occupation next session. The reference to endowment in Mr. Morrice's letter will be taken up at once, to-morrow, and I have faith in God and His people that I shall in a short time be privileged to announce the work well advanced, if not completed. I have to-day laid the matter before some friends, and was unable to see others, and I am glad to say that it is already under favourable consideration. Am I right in pushing the matter at once? Is it not to the credit of the merchants and Christians of Montreal to do so? And is it not to the glory of God our Saviour? The Lord will return to the benefactors of His cause an hundredfold. I know something of the career of Mr. Morrice in Toronto, how he worked as he has ever done since with the utmost diligence in the Lord's service, and contributed most liberally to the upbuilding of what was then a struggling congregation—that of Gould street—but is now one of the strongest and most useful congregations in our denomination; and I believe it accords with his experience that the Lord has ever since greatly prospered him in business, and that he has been infinitely more than compensated for all his sacrifices in the cause of God and of humanity. The same door is open to us all; let us enter it. Will some one here endow a chair at once that may perpetually bear his family name? I should like to see the names of many here with whom I have been united in Christian service for years associated in this way with the institution. Finally, the one feeling uppermost at this moment in my heart is that of profound respect and gratitude to our generous benefactor, Mr. David Morrice, and of adoring gratitude and praise to God who has put it into his heart to undertake this large and noble work. This, I take it, is the feeling of you all. The Lord bless and prosper our honoured benefactor more and more.

Mr. Morrice's letter and the remarks of Dr. McVicar were received with the greatest enthusiasm by the vast and densely packed audience which crowded the church.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS

LESSON LI.

Dec. 19. } REVIEW OF LESSONS. { Acts vii. 1-18.
1880.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."—Ps. cxii. 6.

HOME READINGS.

M.	Gen. xxvi. 12-25; xxvii. 22-40.....	Lessons XL., XLI.
Tu.	Gen. xxviii. 10-22; xxxii. 9-12, 22-30.....	Lessons XLII., XLIII.
W.	Gen. xxxvii. 1-5, 23-36.....	Lesson XLIV.
Th.	Gen. xxxix. 21-23; xl. 1-8.....	Lesson XLV.
F.	Gen. xli. 41-57; xlv. 30-34; xlv. 1-8.....	Lessons XLVI., XLVII.
S.	Gen. xlvii. 1-12.....	Lesson XLVIII.
Sab.	Gen. xlviii. 8-22; l. 14-26.....	Lessons XLIX., L.

HELPS TO STUDY.

The lessons for the quarter now closing were occupied with the history of the patriarchs, Isaac, Jacob and Joseph;

unfolding the successive steps toward the carrying out of the promise in its temporal aspect; and furnishing instances of its spiritual fulfilment in raising up these early saints from the midst of a world lying in wickedness.

Lesson XL. Isaac's Prosperity.—Gen. xxvi. 12-25. Golden Text, Prov. x. 22. (1) Isaac and his possessions. (2) Isaac and his neighbours. (3) Isaac and his God.

Lesson XLI. Jacob and Esau.—Gen. xxvii. 22-40. Golden Text, Prov. iv. 27. (1) Isaac deceived. (2) The blessing bestowed. (3) The deception discovered. (4) The forfeited blessing sought with tear, too late.

Lesson XLII. Jacob at Bethel.—Gen. xxviii. 10-22. Golden Text, Gen. xxviii. 15. (1) Jacob's journey. (2) Jacob's dream. (3) Jacob's vow.

Lesson XLIII. Jacob's Prevailing Prayer.—Gen. xxxii. 9-12; 22-30. Golden Text, Luke xviii. 1.

1. Jacob's prayer. (a) Invocation. (b) Confession and thanksgiving. (c) Petition for a definite object. (d) Pleading the promise.
2. Jacob's perseverance in prayer. (a) Praying and working. (b) Alone with God. (c) A sleepless night. (d) A victorious wrestler.

3. The blessing secured (a) A new name. (b) Power with God and man. (c) A needless question. (d) Peniel.

Lesson XLIV. Joseph Sold into Egypt.—Gen. xxxvii. 1-5; 23-26. Golden Text, Prov. xxvii. 4.

1. Joseph hated by his brethren. (a) A promising family. (b) A father's partiality. (c) A dream and its consequences.

2. Joseph sold a slave. (a) An inhuman brotherhood. (b) An unsuccessful protector. (c) A profitable (?) crime.

3. Jacob's grief for his son. (a) A lie acted. (b) Circumstantial evidence. (c) A father's sorrow.

Lesson XLV. Joseph in Prison.—Gen. xxxix. 21-23; xl. 1-8. Golden Text, Ps. xxvii. 7. (1) God's care of Joseph. (2) Joseph's promotion in prison. (3) The dreamers and the interpreter.

Lesson XLVI. Joseph the Wise Ruler.—Gen. xli. 41-57. Golden Text, Prov. xxii. 29.

1. Joseph made ruler. (a) Sudden elevation. (b) Absolute authority. (c) Diligence in business.

2. The seven plenteous years. (a) Good crops. (b) A benevolent monopoly. (c) Manasseh and Ephraim.

3. The seven years of dearth. (a) A wide-spread famine. (b) "Corn in Egypt." (c) "Go unto Joseph."

Lesson XLVII. Joseph and his brethren.—Gen. xlv. 30-34; xlv. 1-8. Golden Text, Rom. xii. 21. (1) Judah's plea for Benjamin. (2) Joseph revealed. (3) Injury forgiven. (4) Providence.

Lesson XLVIII. Jacob and Pharaoh.—Gen. xlvii. 1-12. Golden Text, Prov. xvi. 31. (1) The Welcome immigrants. (2) The patriarch and the king. (3) The new home. (4) The brother born for adversity.

Lesson XLIX. Last Days of Jacob.—Gen. xlviii. 8-23. Golden Text, Gen. xlviii. 21. (1) The patriarch and his grandchildren. (2) The blessing bestowed. (3) "The Everlasting Father." (4) Joseph's inheritance.

Lesson L. Last Days of Joseph.—Gen. l. 14-26. Golden Text, Prov. x. 7.

1. Joseph distrusted. (a) Guilty fears. (b) Forgiveness sought. (c) An old dream fulfilled.

2. Joseph's kindness. (a) Forgiveness granted. (b) Reasons for forgiveness. (c) Good words.

3. Joseph's dying behest.

NOTES ON THE SYLLABUS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN S. S. TEACHER'S COURSE OF STUDY—1880.

A Supplementary Summary of the Position and Character of Moses.

LESSON XI.

I. MOSES AS A PROPHET.

(1) Moses was distinguished as a patriot and poet, law-giver and leader, but pre-eminently as a prophet. "There arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses whom the Lord knew face to face."

"The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren; like unto me."

Moses is the great prophet of the first covenant. Christ is the Prophet of the second covenant.

"The great and essential characters of similitude between Christ and Moses are in the fulness and luminous intuitions of their communications with God, the magnitude of the revelations made, and the institution of a religion founded on these revelations. In these points none of the other prophets were like Moses; and in these Moses is like Christ, as the less to the greater."—Davidson.

(2) This five-fold book presents, clearly, distinctly and comprehensively, a vast range of providence and prophecy.

(a) Providence and prophecy are twin systems of trust and history. They are parallel revelations of the plans of the Godhead.

(b) The book of Genesis embraces two thousand three hundred years of providence, promise and prophecy.

(c) Exodus, Leviticus and Numbers embrace three hundred years of the most eventful kind.

(d) The providence and prophecy of these books are deeply harmonious with themselves and the period of time they cover; also with all succeeding revelations and historical incidents.

(e) The essential moral character of each department set forth in the service at Ebal, on taking the land.—Deut. xxvii. 11-28. The rewards of obedience.—Deut. xxviii. 1-68.

(3) The great focal fact of providence and prophecy.—Deut. xxviii. 37, 64, 65. The Hebrew people are the threefold monument of providence, prophecy, and history.

(a) Illustrated by the first dispersion of the Hebrews by Nebuchadnezzar, and the burning of their temple, twenty-four centuries since.

(b) The Romans destroyed the second temple, A. D. 70.—2 Kings. xxviii. 37, 64, 65. These were the two special dispersions of the Hebrew people among the nations; but they remained distinct as a people. Like the Gulf stream—

it remains a stream while it crosses the ocean, with little or no mingling.

(1) The Hebrew commonwealth endured 1500 years. This long and continued integrity of the Jewish people points to the past as evidence of the Divine presence, and to the future as indicating Divine purpose.—Rom. xi. 25, 26.

II. MOSES AS A TEACHER OF GOD'S CHARACTER AND HIS RELATION TO US.

The teaching concerning God or the theology of this five-fold book of Moses is complete for its stage in the Divine plans. "Nature does not proceed as a statuary in forming a statue; completing one member before it begins another. She throws out altogether; and at once begins the whole system of every being, and the rudiments of every part.— Bacon.

God's works do not need new parts, but each part requires growth, development—as a tree, however young, is of its kind complete, an infant in all its parts is perfect.

"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul."—Psalm. xix., Job. i. 45; v. 46.

(2) The tri-personal character of the Godhead is clearly implied as the foundation of much of the teaching.

(a) The Lord and the Saving One are interchangeably spoken of.

(b) The Saving One is clearly foreshadowed in the types.

(c) The Holy Spirit and His work.—Num. xii. 25.

The Divine Excellence.

1. The source of all life.—Gen. i. 1.
2. The Spiritual and Invisible One.—Deut. iv. 15-16.
3. His self-existence and omnipotence.—Exod. iii. 14; Deut. xxxii. 39.
4. His moral character.—Exod. xxxiv. 6-7; Deut. xxxii. 4. Whatever was known of God by revelation in the more primitive times was taken up and absorbed in the clearer and fuller light of the growing unfolding of the Divine mind.—Deut. xxxiii. 26, 27, 29.

God's Character is further revealed by the teaching on Man.

1. Man's original state and its standard.—Gen. i. 26.
2. Man's fallen state and how it came.—Gen. iii.
3. Man's saved state and how it manifests itself.—Gen. iv. 3-6.
4. Man's glorified state.—Gen. v. 24.
5. God is man's supreme source of help.—Deut. iii. 24.

III. THE CHARACTER OF MOSES IN ALL THE ASPECTS OF HIS LIFE'S WORK.

(1) The true greatness of Moses lay in what is attainable to each individual, viz., excellence of moral character. Goodness is the possible and available inheritance of all who are the children of obedience, therefore, greatness lies open to every heart. Spiritual acts build up spiritual habits; spiritual habits build up spiritual character; spiritual character ensures spiritual destiny. This is greatness.

(2) Moses as a writer gives us the inheritance of this five-fold book, giving to the ages the monument of Divine promise.

Divine law woven together in a matchless history.—2 Tim. iii. 15.

(3) The moral character of Moses presents these elements of life.

(a) His self-sacrifice in his choice of God's cause and people.—Heb. xi. 24-25.

(b) His humility—The forty years in Midian were years of isolation and humble position. He was unconscious of greatness. "He knew not that his face shone."

(c) His meekness.—Enduring provocations with a becoming elevation of temp. The forty years of wilderness life with his people give one continued illustration.

(d) His courage—Feared not Pharaoh; was firm and true with the people in trying days; stood before the Lord when the people trembled.

(e) His earnestness of heart and sustained devotion before God. This runs through his whole life.

IV. MOSES' DEATH AND BURIAL.

The acts of his last day are added to his writings by another hand, and is the connecting link with the book of Joshua.—Deut. xxxiv. This chapter is an appropriate closing to such a life and work. The first and last of these forty years have been very eventful. The closing year is chastened by the death of Miriam, Aaron, and now Moses at 120 years, with none of the signs of feebleness that attend age.—Deut. xxxiv. 7.

(1) Moses had an intense desire to enter the land.—Deut. iii. 23-27. His exclusion was wrought by his own sin. God's decision on this was unconditional. His view of the land from Mount Nebo.

(2) Moses made definite preparations for his departure.

(a) A second census was taken from twenty years old and upwards, preparatory to entering the land.—Num. xxvii. 2. This census was to be conducted as the first.—Num. xxvii. 4.

(b) The beginning of the settlement of the tribes was effected by the conquest of the east side of Jordan.—Num. xxxii. 33.

(c) The provision settled on the Levites in view of their whole time being given to the service of the tabernacle.—Num. xxxv. 1.

(d) The review and rehearsal of God's dealings with them for forty years, hence the book of Deuteronomy.

(e) Moses remained in the discharge of his official duties to the last. There were few old men in the camp but himself, and they were largely his pupils.

(f) Joshua is ordained and inducted by the laying on of the hands of Moses, as his successor in office.—Deut. xxxiv. 9. His death on the Mount and his burial by God. Read Deut. xxxiv. 10-12.

JOHN McEWEN.

ATTENTION is directed to advertisement of Lesson Sch. mes, suitable for Presbyterian Sabbath schools. They are very neatly printed, and are mailed free of postage at 60 cents per 100 copies.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

TO THE LITTLE MAIDENS.

Little maidens, love your mothers,
And be gentle with your brothers;
Still endeavour to be good,
Never noisy, bold or rude,
But with modest, easy grace,
And a bright and pleasant face,
Let the sunshine from your heart
Joy and happiness impart.

Thus in doing good to others,—
Father, mother, sisters, brothers,
Trying constantly to please us,—
You will grow to be like Jesus,
Walking in the path he trod,
Loving and obeying God.

Thus will every little maiden
Still retain her little Eden,
As we journey here below,
Shedding joys where'er we go.

TWO CENTS MORE.

"I WANT two cents more for that whiskey," said a cross bartender to the little girl who stood shivering in a thin shawl and tattered dress in front of him.

"Mother sold my shoes, and that's all the money she got for them. I think she will pay you next time," said the child, sorrowfully.

"Well, you can leave that shawl of yours for security, can't you?" said the saloon keeper, who stood stiffly against his desk.

The poor child left her shawl, and went home with a heavy heart.

What do you think of the drink which robs men and women of all tenderness and pity?

Soon after, a temperance revival resulted in closing up that bar, and saving the little girl's mother from the life and fate of a drunkard.

TRUE AND OBEDIENT.

"CHARLIE: Charlie!" clear and sweet as a note struck from a silver bell, the voice rippled over the common.

"That's mother," cried one of the boys, and he instantly threw down his bat and picked up his jacket and cap.

"Don't go yet! Have it out!"

"Finish this game. Try it again!" cried the players, in noisy chorus.

"I must go—right off—this minute, I told her I'd come whenever she called."

"Make believe you didn't hear!" they all exclaimed.

"But I did hear!"

"She won't know you did."

"But I know it, and—"

"Let him go," said a bystander. "You can't do anything with him: he's tied to his mother's apron strings."

"That's so," said Charlie, "and it's what every boy ought to be tied to, and in a hard knot, too."

"But I wouldn't be such a baby as to run the minute she called," said one

"I don't call it babyish to keep one's word to his mother," answered the obedient boy, a beautiful light glowing in his blue eyes; "I call that manly, and the boy who don't keep his word to her will never keep it to anyone else—you see if he does!" and he hurried away to his cottage home.

Thirty years have passed since those boys played on the common. Charlie is now a pros-

perous business man in a great city, and his mercantile friends say of him "his word is a bond." We asked him how he acquired such a reputation.

"I never broke my word when a boy, no matter how great the temptation, and the habits formed then have clung to me through life."

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

A MOTHER one morning gave her two little ones books and toys to amuse them while she went up stairs to attend to something. A half hour passed quietly away, when one of the little ones went to the foot of the stairs, and in a timid voice cried out "Mamma, are you there?"

"Yes, darling."

"All right," said the child, and the play went on. After a little time the voice again cried, "Mamma, are you there?"

"Yes, darling."

"All right," said the child again, and once more went on with her play.

And this is just the way we should feel toward Jesus. He has gone up stairs to the right hand of God to attend to some things for us. He has left us down in this lower room of the world to be occupied here for a while. But to keep us from being worried by fear or care. He speaks to us from His Word, as that mother spoke to her little ones. He says to us: "Fear not; I am with thee, Jehovah-jireh, the Lord will provide."

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Blessed night, when first the plain
Echoed with the joyful strain—
"Peace has come to earth again."

Babe of promise, born at last,
After weary ages past,
When our hopes were overcast,

We adore Thee as our King,
And to Thee our songs we sing;
Our best offering to Thee bring.

Babe of Bethlehem, to Thee,
Infant of eternity,
Everlasting glory be.

A BOY'S FAITH.

TWO little boys were talking together about a lesson they had been receiving from their grandmother, on the subject of Elijah's going to heaven in a chariot of fire.

"I say, Charlie," said George, "but wouldn't you be afraid to ride on such a chariot?"

"Why, no," said Charlie, "I shouldn't be afraid if I knew the Lord was driving."

And that was just the way David felt when he said, "What time I am afraid I will trust Thee." He knew that neither chariots of fire nor anything else could hurt him if God was present as his protector and friend.

ALMOST SAVED.

A MAN drowning! He fell off the pier into the sea; and look, you can see his head just above the waves: There! he has caught hold of the rope those men have thrown to him! Now!—he has it! No!—he has missed it! Ah! that huge wave has carried him farther out. Nothing can save him now! Oh, if he had but caught the rope when he was near it!

"And he was so near being saved," says one honest fellow, dashing a tear from his eye. "Why, the rope fairly touched his hand."

Ay, that made it all the worse. To think of him being drowned after all, when he was almost saved!

Almost saved! Children, do you hear that cry from another world? "I was once very near being saved. I had almost made up my mind to accept of Christ, but did not do it. Now it is too late! Lost! lost! and for ever! Oh, if I might go back to earth again, and hear once more of Jesus! Oh, that I had come to Him when I might have come!"

LITTLE THINGS.

Little moments make an hour;
Little thoughts make a book;
Little seeds a flower or tree;
Water-drops a brook.
Little deeds of faith and love
Make a home for you above.

CROSS LOOKS.

"WHAT are you doing, dear Esther and Ruth, close to the river's brink?"

"It is mamma's birthday," said Esther. "I have come to gather water-lilies."

"So have I," said Ruth. "I will climb the high rock and reach them with my arm."

"Nonsense, Ruth! The rock is too steep, and your arm is too short for such a task. You will fall over. Run back, darling, and get some wild flowers from under the trees; mamma will like them."

"No, no!" said Ruth, who wished her own way. She shook her head and looked down into the water with a frown. "What cross little girl is that?" she cried.

"Why, Ruth, it is your own shadow."

Then Ruth got up and ran away.

"I won't have such a cross shadow," she said.

"Then you must not feel cross, my darling. Your soul will be sure to cast a shadow on your face."

HOW TO BE NOBODY.

IT is easy to be nobody, and we will tell you how to do it. Go to the drinking-saloon to spend your leisure time. You need not drink much now; just a little beer or some other drink. In the meantime play dominoes, checkers, or something else to kill time, so that you will be sure not to read any useful books. If you read anything, let it be the dime novels of the day; thus go on keeping your stomach full, and your head empty, and yourself playing time-killing games, and in a few years you'll be nobody, unless you should turn out a drunkard, or a professional gambler, either of which is worse than nobody. There are any number of young men hanging about saloons just ready to graduate and be nobodies.

NEVER let a day pass without doing something for Jesus.

BAD thoughts are worse enemies even than are tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your heart so full of good thoughts that bad thoughts may not find room.

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FOR 1881.**

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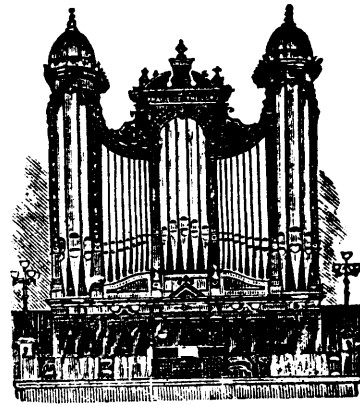
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CHATHAM.—In the First Presbyterian Church, Chatham, on Tuesday, the 14th of December, at eleven a.m.
BROCKVILLE.—In St. John's Church, Brockville, on December 14th, at three p.m.
SAUGREY.—At Clifford, on the 21st December, at eleven a.m.
QUEBEC.—In Chalmers' Church, Richmond, on the second Tuesday of February, at half-past one p.m.
HURON.—In Clinton, on the third Tuesday of January, at ten a.m.
LONDON.—In Sarnia, on the third Tuesday of January, 1881, at seven p.m.
PETERBORO.—Regular meeting in St. Paul's Church, Peterboro', on the second Tuesday of January, at two p.m.
BRUCE.—At Leeswater, on the 21st December, at two p.m.
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